THE LIVING AGE

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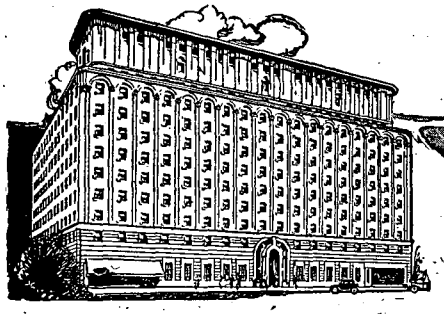

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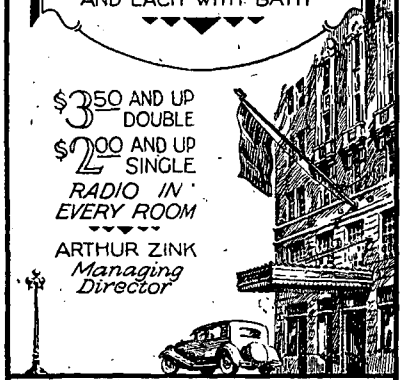

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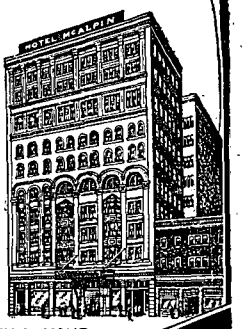

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THE GUIDE POST

LORD MELCHETT, formerly Sir Alfred Mond, is the chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries and of the Mond Nickel Company. Together with Mr. Ben Turner, the Minister of Mines in the Labor Government, he has worked out a scheme for collaboration between the capitalist and the working man and he has long been active in promoting Empire trade. It is not too much to say that no man in England speaks with greater authority than he on the subject of imperial business.

Emil Ludwig has been visiting the Near East, where he paid a call on the exiled Trotski, who is living and hoping for a vast break-up in Russia that will give him another chance to exercise his rare talents as an organizer of disorder. At the moment, however, he presents a somewhat wistful picture, alone on one of the Princes Islands with only an occasional visitor to interrupt his solitude.

England has the makings of a first-class crisis on her hands in India, where the native congress is clamoring for immediate and absolute independence. Mr. J. L. Garvin, temperate and able editor of the London *Observer*, has outlined the problem that his country is facing, and his treatment of that difficult subject has drawn praise from newspapers of every shade of opinion.

EX-PREMIER NITTI of Italy asserts that Mussolini is rapidly driving the country to bankruptcy and he produces a formidable array of statistics to prove his point. Lately his nephew made a sensational escape from one of the Fascist island prisons and has now joined his uncle in foreign exile. Their policy, like that of Professor Salvemini, is to attack the dictatorship from abroad instead of taking Croce's line and waging a campaign on the home front.

'Pertinax,' otherwise known as André Géraud, who writes a leading article almost every day for the reactionary *Echo de Paris*, has lately returned from England, where he delivered a series of lectures on Franco-British relations. His epitaph on the Entente Cordiale expresses roughly the point of view that the Tardieu Cabinet stands for in its dealings with the outer world.

OIL has become just as vital a necessity to Europe as to the United States and the question of how such a densely populated region with virtually no wells of its own can keep itself supplied has been answered in different ways by different countries. Francis Delaisi, a distinguished French economist and the author of *Political Myths and Economic Realities*, gives a clear account of the whole situation.

Pierre de Lanux is one of those numberless foreign visitors who have roamed the length and breadth of our native land and then have told the folks at home about all the wonders they saw. This particular critic was more impressed by the South than by any other section of the country and he prophesies that our destiny will be determined below the Mason and Dixon Line.

As the first German since the War to receive the Nobel Prize, Thomas Mann naturally dwelt at some length in his speech of acceptance on what the German tradition in literature means to him. Most of Herr Mann's works are available in translation, the two most important being *Buddenbrooks* and the *Magic Mountain*.

PRINCE MAX VON HOHENLOHE has been touring up the east coast of Africa and along the fringes of Arabia writing dispatches to the *Berliner Tageblatt* on his way. His article on the Arab temperament sums up many of the impressions he has received and it gives some valuable first-hand views of a race that is rapidly playing a more and more important part in world affairs.

The description of how a desolate village in Russian Turkestan decided to devote the money it had raised for a monument commemorating Lenin to exterminating mosquitoes instead gives a vivid idea of what daily life in Turkestan must be like and it leads one to believe that, in the outlying parts of the Soviet Union at least, Communism has not wrought so very many vital changes after all.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

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THE WORLD OVER

THE WORLD AT LARGE is gradually coming to understand that the domestic anxieties of Great Britain, reflected as they are in an agitated press and a desperately earnest Prime Minister, no longer possess a merely domestic significance, but are a force to be reckoned with in international affairs. This is not to say that the plight of England is in itself any worse than the plight of many other countries, but she feels that she is slipping from the high position she once held and the leaders of every party are casting about for remedies. From the point of view of the Labor Party the Naval Conference at London holds out two hopes. It may save Mr. Snowden enough money to pay for a few of the numerous schemes for public relief that the party promised during the general election and it may also help to increase Mr. MacDonald's popularity with that large section of the public that sincerely desires disarmament. But the Conference is not the only topic of discussion in London by any means: India, unemployment, free trade, and the eternal Lloyd George question are also to the fore.

As if the All-India Congress that began clamoring for independence on the first of the year were not enough, Earl Russell, the brother of Bertrand and the Under Secretary of State for India, indulged in a

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

YOUNG PLAN AGREEMENT signed at the HAGUE.

CLARENCE HATRY, LONDON FINANCIER, faces charges of nearly £10,000,000 on fifty-six counts at the OLD BAILEY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

KING GEORGE opens the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE in LONDON.

PRIMO DE RIVERA accepts the resignation of FINANCE MINISTER SOTELO.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

PARAGUAY notifies the LEAGUE OF NATIONS of the conflict between her troops and those of BOLIVIA in the CHACO DISTRICT.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

MEXICO breaks off diplomatic relations with SOVIET RUSSIA.

GERMAN REICHSTAG convenes and prepares to ratify the YOUNG PLAN.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

CLARENCE HATRY receives the maximum sentence of FOURTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT for STOCK SWINDLING.

PAUL MOLDENHAUER, GERMAN FINANCE MINISTER, issues warning that the REICH will face a cash deficit of 237,000,000 marks unless the SWEDISH MATCH MONOPOLY is put through.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

RUSSIANS prepare to buy 100,000 head of cattle from URUGUAY, purchasing 250 bulls as a first experiment.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26

INDIAN COMMUNISTS riot in BOMBAY, protesting against GANDHI and the NATIONALISTS.

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highly indiscreet speech in the course of which he made the unpardonable mistake of calling a spade a spade. It was not that he actually said, 'Dominion status is not possible for a long time,'—a statement mistakenly attributed to him, although there is not one Englishman in ten that would deny it,—the point was that he spoke before the Simon Commission's report had been made public. The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* suggests that his resignation should be demanded immediately and the Laborite *New Statesman*, although not commenting specifically on the speech, offers this comment on the gravity of the situation as a whole:—

> The situation in India remains, for the time being, by far the most interesting and important of all the subjects with which the British Government is called upon to deal, and with which, therefore, it is the duty of the conscientious British elector to concern and acquaint himself. The Naval Conference is a trivial matter by comparison, for it is a matter, after all, merely of pounds, shillings, and pence; whereas the Indian problem relates to the whole future of British rule in India and to the immediate welfare of over three hundred million people.

POLITICAL LIFE HAS BEEN anything but dull lately with Lloyd George and Earl Grey reviving the old Liberal split and Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook, proprietors of the two greatest newspaper chains in the British Isles, crying out for Protection, and Rothermere, the brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, suggesting Beaverbrook as the next prime minister. Meanwhile the Conservative *Morning Post* is attaching great significance to the 'conversion' of the idealistic Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Observer*, to the Lloyd George cause. Mr. Garvin usually preaches—and preaches is the word—a gentle form of Toryism, but he has recently come out with the following tribute to a man whom many Tories despise more bitterly than they do Mr. MacDonald:—

> Mr. Lloyd George has completely found himself in this Parliament. His genius, in all its boldness, force, suppleness, and humor, is not only fully recovered, but matured. This is our considered judgment, and without hesitation we put it on record. He is the master of debate and the arbiter of the present House of Commons, whoever likes these facts or not. Amid the pending and grave tests in industrial, Indian, and Anglo-American affairs, this Government without a majority of its own cannot have sufficient authority without Mr. Lloyd George and the coöperation he has offered. Should that coöperation be refused, Mr. Lloyd George and no other will stand in reserve as Britain's and the Empire's man of emergency; and the nation will need him as much as it ever needed him in the War.

On the subjects of Rothermere, Beaverbrook, and Protection, the orthodox Tory organs find themselves definitely embarrassed. In spite of the fact that the class of people who read the Beaverbrook and

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MONDAY, JANUARY 27

French export trade falls 52,098,000 francs during 1929, but invisible items, largely tourist expenditures, help to make the entire balance favorable.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28

Primo de Rivera resigns as Premier of Spain and General D'Amaso Berenguer, former Military Governor of Morocco, promises to form a Cabinet that will return to constitutional government.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29

British House of Commons attacks Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade scheme so vigorously that defeat is conceded without a vote.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30

New Spanish Cabinet, headed by General Berenguer, assumes office.

Bank of France drops its discount rate from 3½ to 3 per cent, the lowest rate in the world.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31

Communist disorders throughout Germany lead to the arrest of seventy-six alleged conspirators, including several members of the Reichstag.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1

Red Army staff order proclaims that 100,000 soldiers must be trained and ready this year to organize agricultural production and the village soviets throughout Russia.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2

Primo de Rivera refuses to fight a duel with the Duke of Almodovar, former Minister of the Interior, who asserts that five years ago the ex-Dictator made uncomplimentary remarks concerning his conduct in office.

Roman Catholics in Croatia protest to Belgrade against the recent campaign against them in the official Serbian press.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3

France and Turkey sign a treaty of friendship, conciliation and arbitration.

President-Elect Ortiz Rubio announces his Cabinet, which includes President Portes Gil as Minister of the Interior.

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Rothermere press vote Labor, almost to a man, the *Morning Post* insists on attaching to the noble proprietors of these two great newspaper chains a political power that they have never shown any sign of possessing. Here is the comment it makes:—

> After all, the main thing is that these great newspapers are now working for what we believe to be the only policy that can revive our national power of production, and, incidentally, the ideal policy for a national movement like the Conservative Party. We have something here we can oppose to that despair which is Socialism. But there is one weakness in this campaign. These newspaper magnates combine it with bitter and persistent attacks on the Conservative leadership. Let them leave the Conservative Party to conduct its own affairs. If it has been timid in the past,—on this and other subjects,—let them remember, in fairness, that a party can do little in modern politics without the support of a popular press. The cause of Protection has not yet recovered from the shock of 1923, when it was left in the lurch by those same newspapers. Therefore, let us forget these little differences of the past, and work loyally together—the Conservative Party and the Conservative press—to this great end of a national policy based on the Protection of Production.

On the issues of free trade and Protection, London's chief financial weeklies, the *Economist* and the *Statist*, are probably much more reliable critics. Both these journals ridicule the idea of higher tariffs, the *Statist* pointing out that England's depression is due to the high tariff walls abroad, the high wages paid in Great Britain, and the inefficient management of certain large industries. And it asks how a higher British tariff could affect any of these three difficulties or how it would help to win back the lost export trade on which Britain's pre-War prosperity was based.

HERE IS A PROPHECY made on the eve of the Naval Conference by the *Daily Telegraph's* diplomatic correspondent, who is generally conceded to be the best informed authority on international affairs in Great Britain. It should be pointed out in parenthesis that these statements do not represent guesses but that they embody the aims for which Downing Street is working and the success of the Conference from the British point of view can be fairly measured by the degree in which its results follow the outline given below:—

> I gather that in those British official and political circles where optimism is the dominant note, the successful development of the Naval Conference is visualized, broadly speaking, on something like the following lines:—
>
> 1. It is thought that the serious divergencies between the French and the Italian standpoints, owing to Italy's claim to parity, and France's refusal to concede it, even on principle, can be attenuated, if not wholly dispelled, by the conclusion of a 'gentlemen's agreement' between the Mediterranean Powers.
>
> 2. A second point on which our official optimists are inclined to fasten—on, it must be admitted, far better grounds—is the attainment of a tripartite

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agreement between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, regarding the future of capital ships.

3. While Great Britain and the United States will declare their common belief that submarines should be abolished, they may both acquiesce in a compromise of the kind outlined by Japan, namely, a severe limitation in the size of submarines, plus a restriction in numbers.

4. The Japanese claim to a ratio of 70 per cent in big cruisers of 10,000 tons, mounting 8-inch guns, as compared with the United States, is considered in the British circles referred to as soluble by means of a direct deal between Washington and Tokyo.

In connection with the first point—the suggestion of a 'gentlemen's agreement' between the Mediterranean Powers—Great Britain could not assume toward France and Italy any binding obligations of the Locarno type.

THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE, to date, of André Tardieu's career as Premier of France has been the rapid eclipse of M. Briand, and the *Daily Herald* of London has taken upon itself to prophesy two possible developments. The first is that Poincaré will return to public life as head of the Government, making Tardieu his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the second is that Tardieu will remain in command but that he will take over Briand's portfolio and release his own position as Minister of the Interior, which he now holds in addition to the premiership. The Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, commenting on these forecasts, admits that he has heard a good deal of talk in the French capital concerning the dismissal of Briand but that the reappearance of Poincaré is much more doubtful. Certainly the team work between Tardieu and his Foreign Minister is not at all what it might be—at the second Hague Conference it was the Premier and not Briand who played the leading rôle. As the editor of the London *Economist* remarks, French public opinion is welcoming a man who knows how to say 'No' and who has abandoned Briand's policy of eternal compromise. At London, too, Tardieu has been the man in the spotlight, but in spite of his prominence no one—not even the most malicious radical—has ventured to point out how ironic it is for a man with a record replete with scandal and cynical self-advancement to be conferring solemnly with the idealistic Mr. MacDonald. It seems, indeed, as if history were repeating itself and as if the struggle between Wilson and Clemenceau were occurring all over again after a lapse of ten years.

But to return to the split with Briand, here is what the *Journal de Genève's* Paris correspondent has to say:—

It is alleged that the men who once burned incense to M. Briand are now turning their backs on him, and casting their eyes toward the rising sun. This is perhaps a natural, but it is not a lovely phenomenon, and one cannot help feeling a certain disgust on recognizing that it is really asserting itself in diplomatic circles. A similar trend is also to be discovered in certain more or less

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official newspapers that no longer treat M. Briand with the blind tenderness they used to accord him. It would be difficult to give examples of this desertion, but anyone familiar with the world press and world politics feels it instinctively.

The rôle of reporter is to interpret these signs, and we would not go on record as saying that M. Tardieu is intentionally trying to get rid of M. Briand, or that the latter, irked by his present position, has tried to take his leave. Nothing of the sort is true at the moment, and all that can justly be said is that force of circumstances, rather than the will of either M. Tardieu or M. Briand, seems to be making coöperation between the two more difficult. It should also be pointed out that if M. Tardieu and M. Briand were to separate a curious series of parliamentary manœuvres would ensue, whose consequences no one can foresee. Now that M. Briand has moved further and further to the Left, while at the same time retaining the sympathies of certain ultrapacifistic Roman Catholics, a rupture, even if it were effected quietly, could not fail to produce an upheaval. The London Conference will reveal whether the Tardieu-Briand combination can last, or whether the tension that existed between them at the Hague will be increased.

THE ALARMING INCREASE in the number of suicides in Berlin since the turn of the year provides dismal proof of the depressed condition of the country. In the first three days of 1930 twenty-two inhabitants of the German capital took their own lives and nineteen more made unsuccessful attempts. Many of these unfortunates were laborers, but some were business men who had been driven desperate by the trade slump. More than a million and a half Germans were receiving unemployment relief on January first and the total number of those seeking work at that time was estimated at 2,200,000. According to *Vorwärts*, the official organ of the Socialist Party, the average unemployment rate increased during 1929, having risen 20 per cent in December alone. The national treasury is suffering from an acute shortage of cash—witness the recent outbursts of Dr. Schacht—and with the heavy demands for unemployment insurance the outlook for the balance of the winter appears critical in the extreme.

THE POLISH CABINET that assumed office on the first of the year is new in name only. The Prime Minister, Professor Bartel, has held that post four times before and, as an intimate friend of Marshal Pilsudski, he will see to it that the veiled dictatorship that has prevailed since 1926 remains in force. Nor is the Prime Minister the only familiar figure in the present Polish Government. Foreign Minister Zaleski retains the post that he has held with such conspicuous success for the past four years, and two of the military officers from the so-called Colonel's Cabinet which preceded that of M. Bartel will also remain in office. At the same time, the new Cabinet does mark the beginning of a new period. It brings to an end an interlude of political futility during which

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both the leading Socialist and Nationalist newspapers of Warsaw became so excited about the trial of a former finance minister on a purely technical charge that they each had more than fifty issues confiscated in the course of a few months. The result is that parliamentary procedure does not enjoy any great prestige at the moment and a revised constitution restricting the wide powers of the Diet and increasing the authority of the President is to be put forward shortly. Yet Prime Minister Bartel has shown himself to be fundamentally a believer in democracy and he now has an opportunity to make this belief take practical shape, for even Pilsudski has never yielded to the temptation to abolish the Diet entirely.

NO ADHERENT OF THE Imperial Russian Government has attained greater prominence under the Soviets than Foreign Minister Chicherin, whose years of diplomatic service under the old régime have been turned to great advantage by the new. But like so many of his eminent comrades, Chicherin has fallen foul of Stalin, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* reports that he may be removed at any moment now from an office that he has been filling in only a nominal way for the past year. The trouble seems to be that he has shown a growing skepticism about the dominant radicalism of Russia's international position, and Stalin has been interfering in his work so freely that an open breach now exists between the two men. The immediate cause of their disagreement was an attack made last May by the Russian War Minister on the German Government which Chicherin said had brought to nothing the whole foreign policy he had been pursuing since the Rapallo Treaty. Stalin replied sharply and now, after the passage of many months, has summoned Chicherin from his health cure in Wiesbaden. The order was obeyed, but with a great and altogether natural reluctance.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT'S announcement that all foreigners living in China would be subject to Chinese laws after the first of January has not yet made itself felt. The British Foreign Office, to be sure, has acknowledged that the first of the year 'should be treated as the date from which the process of gradual abolition of extraterritoriality should be regarded as having commenced in principle.' Observers on the spot, however, do not feel that any immediate change is impending. The *Japan Advertiser* points out that only last year China denounced her commercial treaty with Japan, which includes clauses that specify Japan's extraterritoriality rights. This one-sided denunciation Tokyo refused to accept and Nanking has never dared to try living up to it. The chances are therefore slight that China can now do to all

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the foreign powers collectively what she could not do a year ago to the Japanese alone, especially since the prestige of Nanking has declined sensibly during the past few months.

But the man on the spot sometimes does not see things in their true perspective and it would be a mistake to consider the proposed abolition of extraterritoriality as being merely an empty gesture. William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, asserts that the foreign powers themselves raised the question of abolishing the special privileges of foreigners in China when they forced the Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians to renounce these rights at the close of the War. Then, too, the Washington Naval Conference undertook to work out some means of granting China control of her own courts and tariffs. Clearly the present Government is in no position to wield such authority, but it is equally clear that a new atmosphere exists to-day and that the old system of extraterritoriality which was accepted without question for more than half a century by native and foreigner alike is going to be revised in one way or another.

WITH PARAGUAY BRINGING her conflict with Bolivia in the Chaco district to the attention of the League Committee, the Argentine has begun clamoring in the columns of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires to be allowed to arbitrate the dispute itself. This is the line of argument taken:—

> There are three reasons why the Argentine should arbitrate the Chaco dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay: our duty toward nations whose peace and prosperity are part of our own future; the immediate advantage of gaining the good will of two natural customers; and our own historical and geographic destiny, which leads us to organize a Plate policy as the expression of a great federal power, formed by the nations that lie in the basin of that river. Conversely, the Argentine must isolate or subordinate any other nation which takes the lead in forming such a group, for if she does not govern the River Plate, the river will govern her.
>
> All the foreign commerce of Paraguay is absorbed or controlled by our ports. And since Chile and Peru have come to an agreement on the Pacific coast, Bolivia has no other outlet than through the Plate. Furthermore, except for the railroad in the north, all the solutions of her transportation problem lie in the disputed region. By negotiating a pact of nonaggression between the two countries, the Argentine could prevent an actual or potential war until the boundary question could be finally settled. Such a pact, signed and guaranteed by all the nations on the Plate, would do much to secure that condition of peace and security so necessary to any binding discussion.

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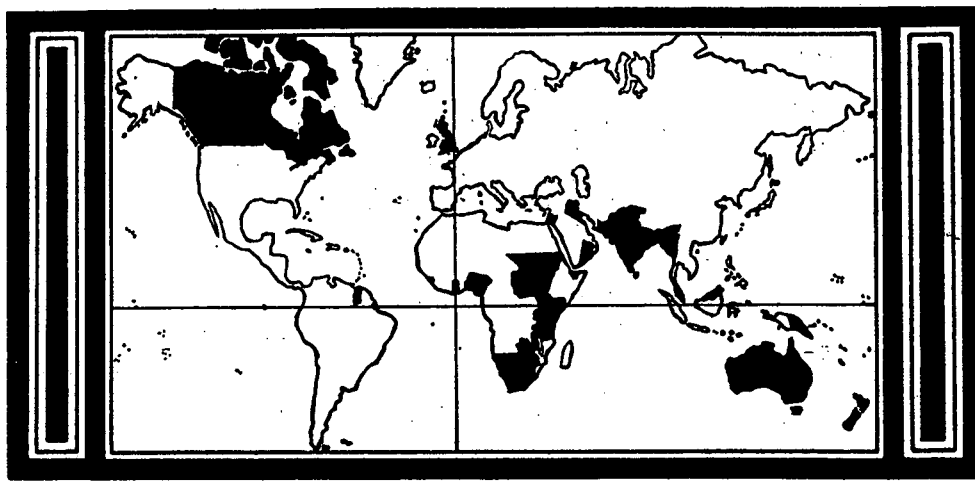

TOWARD A BETTER BRITISH EMPIRE

A Business Leader's Survey

By Lord Melchett

From the *Empire Review*, London Conservative Monthly

THE BRITISH EMPIRE is being wasted. If there is one thing more repugnant than any other to a business man like myself it is the contemplation of economic possibilities being thrown away for want of organization. Lack of system is synonymous with waste, both in the unprofitable consumption of valuable material and in failure to take the maximum advantage of potentialities for the creation of wealth.

It must be apparent to all who have given serious consideration to imperial questions that the citizens of the British Empire do not at present enjoy anything like the condition of prosperity to which its unrivaled possibilities entitle them.

Let us consider, for a moment, what its possibilities are. Here we have natural resources of every conceivable kind, spread in a great network of interrelated territories over an area equal to one quarter of the world's surface. These resources do not exist on a Lilliputian scale but reach Brobdingnagian proportions which it staggers the imagination of man to contemplate. Already, in spite of the lack of conscious effort toward unified development, the British Empire con-

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trols a very high proportion of the world output of the chief commodities of international traffic. Of the total world output of wheat, it controls 27 per cent; for rice the proportion is 66 per cent, and for rubber 87 per cent. The mines of the Empire account for 71 per cent of the world's new gold, 42 per cent of its tin, and as much as 88 per cent of its nickel. Of the world's population in cattle the British Empire contains 53 per cent, and 51 per cent of its sheep. Then there is wool, of which the Empire controls 77 per cent.

When people aim at nothing they usually manage to hit it. Yet the British Empire, while aiming at nothing in particular, has, almost by accident, achieved economic greatness. Its present position in relation to the world at large is, however, as nothing compared with what it might be. It covers more than four times the total area of the United States of America and is in no way inferior to that country in wealth of national resources. It contains roughly four times as many people as the United States of America, and need not fear competition from that country in skill of craftsmanship. Clearly, then, the British Empire should hold a position in the world trade at least four times as powerful as that of the United States. In fact, the latter country practically dominates the world market for wheat and maize, is the most powerful exporter of finished manufactures, and actually hurls into the very heart of the Empire more than half as much as we import of all kinds of commodities from all the British countries put together.

At the present time about 26 per cent of the total British imperial trade is carried on within the Empire itself, but this is not the result of any well-thought-out and consistent policy. In spite of the fact that Empire manufacturers are cutting each other's throats in their efforts to capture each other's markets, in spite of tariff barriers which turn intra-imperial trade into a sort of obstacle race, and in spite of the intense flood of outside competition, we have progressed on the road to a unified Empire market. But there is nothing that could be called an imperial system. There is no method, no coördination, no common policy.

The U. S. A. Tariff Commission, in their monumental report issued in 1919, said, 'It is to be noticed, however, in judging the soundness of that contention (that intra-imperial tariffs are purely a domestic concern), that the British self-governing colonies possess tariff autonomy, and *there is no British imperial system.*' I go further and say that there is no British imperial trade system of any kind. That is our task: to systematize imperial trade and production.

There can be no good reason why valuable effort should be wasted in unnecessary intra-imperial competition, or in carrying on commercial struggles in unsympathetic markets while Empire markets are eager for our trade.

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LET us now look at things from another angle altogether. Economic prosperity is a matter of balance. For instance, if the production of raw materials outstrips the capacity of productive industry to absorb the output, primary producers will suffer loss and much expenditure on development will have been wasted. On the other hand, if the provision of industrial capital is disproportionately great, raw material supplies at prices which the manufacturer can afford to pay will be insufficient to maintain the industrial plant at its full working capacity, and there will follow depression and unemployment. Moreover, it is roughly true that, taking the industries of a country as a whole, you sell where you buy. Therefore, a country which must buy its raw materials at high prices must sell its manufactures at dangerously small profits.

It is essential to economic prosperity that the relation between agricultural and extractive pursuits and industrial occupations should be scientifically balanced so as to secure the maximum reciprocal advantages. But Great Britain has already so far lost her balance, she has become so predominantly a manufacturing country, that there can be no possibility of redressing the balance on a purely insular basis. It is the recognition of this fact that divides the idea of imperial economic unity clearly and irrevocably from all those antiquated and discredited policies collectively labeled 'Protection.'

Great Britain cannot afford, and cannot hope, to restore prosperity by a mere policy of tariff isolation. The only means by which she can restore a proper economic balance is to enter into a larger productive unit, the other parts of which can combine with her on a reciprocal basis of production and distribution. Where should we turn for such integration as this but to the sister nations and to the infant territories which are already linked together in the political unit which we call the British Empire? These dominions and colonies have themselves been carrying on a struggle which is the reverse aspect of Britain's striving after a balanced national economic life. Their problem has been to develop manufacturing industries to balance their predominant rural activities. Why should these futile struggles continue? Why perpetuate this waste of effort? Why build up a monument of ineptitude for the ridicule of future generations?

I do not, for one moment, suggest that the oversea parts of the Empire should become hewers of wood and shearers of wool in the service of British industrialists. It is not part of the policy of Empire economic unity to interfere with the development in the various dominions of those industries for which their resources and the skill of their people fit them so admirably; what we must do, what it will be a great crime against the people of the Empire and the whole world if we do not do, is to make the most of the resources of the Empire wherever they may be found and of whatever kind they may be.

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AND now to consider methods. First, let me say most emphatically that imperial unity is primarily a business matter and not a political conundrum. The old tariff controversies are entirely out of place in this connection. If it turns out, as I know it must, that certain stages of development can only be negotiated successfully with the aid of tariffs, then the assistance of governments must be sought. But tariff action is only incidental, and has no meaning apart from the much vaster, the much more vital, question of organizing efficiency on a scale never attempted before by any race in history. Let it once be agreed that the principle of imperial unity is sound, and the measures proposed to achieve that end fall happily into place as essential items of the general plan.

In the long run, the problem is one of markets. The whole idea depends for its validity on the possibility of building up a system of intra-imperial markets which will justify the fullest possible development of the natural resources of all parts of the Empire, side by side with the re-absorption into industry of the present mass of unemployed workers. In other words, our task is so to relate production and consumption throughout the Empire that every producer is certain of a known market for his output, and every consumer has a guarantee of regular and adequate supply at a fair price.

These problems have been tackled by industrialists during the past half century on an ever-increasing scale, both nationally and internationally, and with ever-increasing success. Collectively referred to as 'rationalization,' this process has divided itself by evolutionary development into two distinct methods. These methods of vertical integration and horizontal combination are not antagonistic but complementary.

Vertical integration is the building up of complete productive industrial units containing within themselves all the stages of the industry concerned from the first raw materials to the last stages of finished manufacture. Coal and iron ore pass through the various stages of smelting, puddling, rolling, and a hundred and one complicated manufacturing processes without once leaving the control of the integrated unit. Thus are guaranteed regular supplies, minimum costs, and flexibility in diverting the product at any stage to meet changes of demand.

Horizontal combinations may be anything from simple 'gentlemen's agreements' to complete mergers in which groups of interests operating at the same stage of manufacture combine to eliminate the waste which results from useless competition.

DOES any sane person doubt that the principles underlying these business practices can be adapted to the needs of the Empire? Surely not! There can be no reason to doubt that the surplus output of

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food and raw materials from the oversea parts of the Empire can be directed toward, and linked up with, Britain's productive system in such a way as to secure continuity of supplies at reasonable prices. In a small way, such preferential tariff treatment as is already given to certain imperial food stuffs has clearly demonstrated what can be done in that direction. The time is now ripe for an extension of that treatment to the major commodities of dominion and colonial export.

There can be no doubt, too, that adjustments can be made horizontally by the arrangement of quotas and compensations to obviate the clash of competing British industries. It seems, for example, foolish that British and Indian steel and iron manufacturers should compete in the Indian market, when a simple business agreement to divide the market between them to the exclusion of foreigners would leave them both infinitely better off. It is equally absurd for us to permit Canadian producers to compete with our own farmers, when by excluding the foreigner we could enable both the British and the dominion producers to reap the full benefit of our tremendous capacity for absorbing their output.

Minimum conditions of efficiency must, of course, be laid down. Price level agreements must be fair. The consumer must not be penalized for the sake of dividends, nor must the worker remain on his present level while profits soar. There is ample room for everyone to share abundantly the new wealth which would be created in a unified Empire, swept clear of profitless hindrances to trade, self-contained and self-reliant.

I HAVE shown that the policy of unity is more than one of free trade within the Empire, but one implies the other. There are those who fear that dominion opinion, on the one hand, adverse to free trade, and British opinion, on the other, adverse to tariffs in any form, make such a goal unattainable. Such is not my belief. We all know that there are industries in the dominions which have been fostered by tariffs, and, although we cannot expect those industries to be sacrificed on the altar of sentiment, we can, by means of such arrangements as I have suggested, gradually obviate the need for such fostering devices.

Much, of course, depends upon whether the British people will agree to an imperial customs tariff against the world at large, and it will not be easy to win their support for such proposals. There are, however, two very strong grounds on which a change in our traditional policy could be demanded. In the first place, if we are to have a unified Empire the area of unity must be clearly defined in such a manner as will be apparent to every other country in the world. Nothing defines a national or imperial market half so clearly as a tariff boundary. Every time a foreign importer comes up against that fence, he realizes that he

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is entering someone else's territory. At present almost any competitor can casually wander into the British, and, through it, into the Empire, market without being brought up against the fact that he is being granted the greatest privilege that any seller of goods could ask for. In the second place, we cannot negotiate for arrangements with the dominions while they may harbor the suspicion that we are trying to become what I may, perhaps, describe as a 'smuggler' nation, passing free goods from foreign sources into an open imperial market. If we close our doors to foreigners, at any rate in regard to those commodities which we can conveniently and plentifully purchase from our oversea relations, we shall demonstrate in a tangible way our determination to 'play the game' in respect to the market for dominion goods within the Empire.

There is still a considerable body of opinion which regards all tariffs as being contrary to economic wisdom. This is merely the old argument that new ideas are 'against nature,' decked out in academic guise. It will be within the memories of some of my readers that when it was first proposed to run trains on steel wheels and rails the proposal was condemned as being 'against nature.' The same charge was leveled against the pioneers of aviation. But those who believed in these things proved themselves to be right.

THE whole history of civilization is a story of man's triumph over nature. The natural course of events—in the case of the Empire, the haphazard development of economic tendencies—is not necessarily the best. Man is distinguished from the lower animals by the superiority of his mental processes. Are we, then, to yield to machinery and inanimate objects when we would not surrender to mammoths and mastodons? Not so! Mans shows his mastery by the conscious control which he exerts over his destiny by making natural forces subservient to his will. It is the British people's destiny to be an imperial nation, and history will judge us according to the degree in which we mould that destiny for the common good.

This is not merely a question of vulgarly scrambling for the pence of civilization. It must never be supposed that we have nothing in view but mere opulence. The British Empire stands for a cultural ideal; it embodies a conception of life which we believe to be higher than any other in the world. But no ideal can be sustained without a sound economic foundation. The notion that poverty and virtue are synonymous died long, long ago, and remains unmourned.

If we definitely accept the idea of a self-contained, united economic British Empire, if we conceive that Empire as a cultural and economic mission for the improvement of mankind, if we are prepared to stand solid against the onslaughts of mean competition and low ideals of

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human well being, then we shall justify, in the work of peace, the sacrifice of those who came from all parts of the Empire to strive, side by side, in the cause of peace and international justice, in the mud of Flanders, the scorching dryness of the desert, and the bitter winds of the North Sea winter.

They showed, and their memorial crosses still show on the site of many a fierce encounter, that the British Empire had but one mind and one people in a great cause. Side by side, men from imperial territory in all corners of the world fought and died to free the world from the threat of military dominance and from the danger of Hegelian political ideas. In that battle the Empire was gloriously one. Shall we not, then, perpetuate the heritage for which they fought; shall we not continue in the years of peace, and by ways of peace, their fight against any wrong thinking and foolish action? It is not now a question of shedding blood in fratricidal strife. Our battle is against Cobdenite theories of economics and Mancunian notions of commerce. But the victory is no less worth winning.

The soldiers of the Empire were not divided when the sacrifice of war was demanded. Let us also be united to wrest, by peaceful means from unwilling nature, a secure and prosperous life for our own and for future generations of citizens of this great Empire of Peace.

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TROTSKI IN EXILE

Interviewing a World Revolutionist

By Emil Ludwig

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IF NO ISLANDS for political exiles existed we should have to create them. They are a kind of prison at once humane and secure; one needs only take care that the escape from Elba is not imitated by lesser figures.

The Princes Islands have heard the sighs of more than one sultan's son and his beloved, sadly separated, and most exiles have led either a life of solitude, because they had previously tried to devote themselves to love, or the life of the harem, because they had become tired of it and had sought power. But a foreign revolutionary is a new figure in these parts, and Europe is put to shame by the Turks, who have lived up to their traditions of hospitality better than any of us.

Trotski is a free man as far as formalities are concerned and does not visit Stamboul only because he dislikes the inconvenient trip, and, moreover, finds that a dying city is less sympathetic than a sleepy watering place; for he is too much of a fanatic to crave European distractions. My own impulse to visit him came from the impression made on me by his autobiography, which eclipses in interest any other volume of memoirs published since the War, with the exception of Winston Churchill's. Trotski is a great writer and he has given such a vivid description of his fantastic career that I could not understand as I read how people can still buy novels or even write them. The book begins like a story by Knut Hamsun and ends like an unfinished play, for the author has planned and constructed his work in such a way that more is evidently to follow. He began by dictating it in Siberia, but later condensed it,

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especially the early chapters, which is the way all memoirs should be written. So many autobiographers fail to keep their sense of proportion and give us too many reminiscences that show the writer in a false perspective.

TROTSKI lives in an old wooden Turkish villa, set behind a vegetable garden that extends to the shore of the Sea of Marmora. The walls are so bare that they positively yawn and the room in which he works has three big curtainless windows and a table in the middle which he uses as a writing desk. Three rickety chairs and a big map of Asia complete the furnishings. Men who have spent thirty years in foreign countries, escaping the police, being arrested, escaping again, being sentenced to prison, escaping once more and finally being exiled, own no property. Their children receive a haphazard education against a background of passionate antisocial struggle. Furthermore, the revolutionist loses all sense of the value of money and pays no attention to exterior things. Books, newspapers, and manuscripts comprise all his household effects, and even these vanish as rapidly as they accumulate. A background rich in associations and charm is something the born rebel can never know.

In spite of all that he has endured Trotski is an amazingly healthy, fresh, and undaunted man of fifty. As he stood before me, a figure of medium height, dressed in a simple dark blue jacket, he looked completely fit physically, and his shock of gray hair and his keen blue eyes might have led one to mistake him for a scholar who spends his leisure fishing and gardening. His quiet, blonde, retiring wife and his grown-up son are apparently his only companions—even the mongrel dog belongs to the gardener. Perhaps it is this epoch of ours which he himself has characterized as an interlude that invests him with this reflective air, but suddenly a light comes into his eye, his amazingly beautiful hands move about and his will power at once becomes evident. Like most dictators I have met, he seems in conversation to be more tolerant and more versatile than the 'bloody Trotski' of popular legend and, also, he gave the appearance of being more shut off from the world than his followers imagine him to be. His consummate social ease, his politeness, and even his occasional moods of embarrassment show the foolishness of generalizations that attempt to pigeonhole people as certain types.

Anyone who has detected the immense amount of hocus-pocus behind which European statesmen in their sheltered offices or overdecorated embassies conceal their real weakness is at once astonished by the logic, courage, and assurance with which this man of the East, powerless, exiled, and defeated, speaks and thinks of nothing but the future. Trotski's mind works in terms of continents and decades and in

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the course of three hours' conversation he only referred to his political opinions when I asked him direct questions, and then his tone was one of cold contempt. He looks at the world through the eyes of an economist who is also a statesman, not as a politician or as an adherent of a party. He has none of the doctrinaire fixations that I found in most of the Moscow leaders. He does not indulge in the usual Communist catchwords, and when I pointed to the copy of the *Rote Fahne* that lay before him and referred to the Russian introduction to one of my books he spoke contemptuously of the empty repetitions of doctrine.

'That is what is damaging our cause—the men in power to-day are not sufficiently progressive. Even in foreign countries they tolerate and encourage only disciples and satellites.'

'Am I right in thinking that the situation is acute?'

He drew some graphs on a piece of paper. 'These unimportant offshoots, it is true, turn upward, but the fundamental line drops sharply.'

I DID not ask him at once about the crazy announcement of his surrender but he said that the men who had made it had lost their influence and that the masses never forget such blunders. He said that his own party was scattered and that it was hard to estimate its strength.

'And when will you be able to gather it together again?'

'When a new incident provides an opening, either a war or a new intervention on the part of Europe which the present régime will be too weak to meet.'

'But under such circumstances you would hardly be allowed to leave here, even if you were able to get into Russia.'

He paused contemptuously before answering. 'In that case, ways would be found.' His wife joined in his laughter.

Trotski is studying the history of revolutions and seems to want to write on the subject himself. He justly refuses to accept Taine's theory that in the long run the consequences of any great revolution are quite different from what had been planned, and when I outlined that theory he retorted with surprising vigor. 'Perhaps some things we attempted will fail, perhaps we may even see another Tsar, but the great work has already been accomplished. The land has been taken away from the feudal lords and given to the peasants. No reaction favorable to a few hundred members of the nobility can occur.'

IN THE sphere of world politics Trotski stands for turmoil, and even if he were not a doctrinaire apostle of world revolution he would still hope that fresh uprisings would occur in the near future and that new revolutionary crises would enliven a movement that has slowed down considerably in the past decade. The Stock Exchange crash in America, which he had prophesied some months earlier, he interpreted

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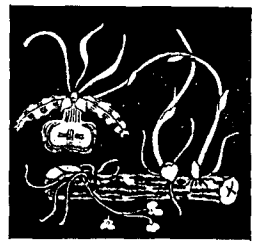
as the beginning of a general industrial collapse in consequence of which Europe will be surfeited with goods, and he prophesied that this crisis will occur within the next two years and perhaps sooner. He did not interpret MacDonald's journey to America and his agreement with Hoover as a sign of peace, but merely as a measure of security, and he mocked at a conference in which two world powers quarrel over 30,000 tons of naval vessels when both really want more.

'How about your Red Army?'

'We have offered to disarm completely, but as long as we cannot get the rest of the world to follow our lead we must protect ourselves like anybody else. Might not a new Denikin come into being at any moment?'

Thus does the radical spirit of the East return again to those familiar motives with which the West and the youth of the West are thoroughly bored. Nor is the end yet in sight. As one travels through these wide, still countries of the Orient, one still sees peasants and shepherds working as they have always worked, or in almost the same way, and one considers with cynicism or resignation, as the case may be, that all this expense of energy and thought, this contest of will power against will power, this materialistic idealism is nothing more than an enormous show. Trotski personifies this spirit, but great sacrifices are required and this revolutionary epoch of ours is dragging along all too slowly. Men like Trotski have risked their lives a hundred times over, and when he asked me the date to help him make some calculation, he muttered in a low voice, 'We are all alone here. Nobody comes. Since Webb's visit last summer you are the first; but in working one loses one's sense of time. We're nomads, you see.'

These few words, so much more full of meaning than all his economic theories, were uttered with the determination of an active, restless spirit, one who is able to enjoy a considerable breathing space, shut off from human contacts, actions, or questions that have to be solved, only provided that breathing space does not last too long. For the swimmer by the water's edge always looks yearningly at the beloved, distant shore.



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CRISIS IN INDIA

Be Just but Fear Not

By J. L. Garvin

From *The Observer,* London Independent Weekly

WE HAVE ALREADY GIVEN our reasons for anticipating that 1930 is likely to be a year of tremendous awakening in the life of the British people, and may well leave a lasting impression upon the mind of every single person who reads these lines. When we say this we are thinking of various great questions, but chiefly of India. It is high time for a little preparatory meditation on that vast problem which in a few weeks, at furthest, will begin to tower over every other issue, and may affect parties and politics like nothing since the World War. The subject as a whole is involved in a thousand uncertainties; prediction with regard to any of them would be folly, worthy only of vivid ignorance imagining vain things. But two truths are certain. One is that the Indian problem is about to test our wisdom and courage to the marrow; the other, that upon what we do, or refuse to do, in the next twelve months the existence of our Asiatic empire may depend. From the temper of conciliation neither the bombing outrage against the viceroy's train nor anything else will induce us to swerve; but cool firmness will be equally required. And just because refusal to be stampeded out of measured judgment will have to be unflinching, the less imperialistic rhetoric and drum-beating we hear the better.

Up to a few weeks ago the vast majority, not only of the British people, but of British politicians, including, we fear, some members of the Labor Ministry, were living in a fool's paradise about India. Quietly and fully we wrote 'A Warning.' A week after, replying to some protests that obviously were anything but prescient, we wrote 'The Warning Stands.' We scarcely thought the vindication of this position would come quite so soon, or with the same revealing power.

AMID the excitement of all India, or at least of its intellectuals and its middle classes, the National Congress at Lahore has committed itself to the most fatal extremes of defiance and revolt. The Congress no doubt is very far from being all that its name implies. It does not speak for anything like a majority of the Indian peoples—not even for anything like a majority of the Hindu people, much less for other peoples and sections like the Moslems, the princes, and the rest. But it would be a grave mistake to underestimate the Congress. It is a powerful engine

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of agitation, bent on working up fanaticism to the explosion point of passion. By its vote of last Friday it demands by overwhelming majorities the independence and separation of India and the total expulsion of the British raj. It rejects utterly the coöperation essential to the peaceful progress of the reforms. And it threatens civil disobedience—which is a policy that could not remain bloodless, as Mr. Gandhi dreams, but would unloose the spirit of anarchy.

Sometimes isolated incidents are, like history, 'read by flashes of lightning.' They reveal the nature of a whole situation in a way that everyone can understand. Such an incident was seen and heard on Christmas Day when the delegates to the Indian National Congress and their crowd of supporters began to assemble at Lahore. That picturesque city of ancient and conflicting memories is at this moment the point in the British Empire on which attention ought to be fixed. The processional entry into Lahore was led by a drum-and-fife band playing the old Irish rebel song, 'The Wearing of the Green.' To have that song carried from Hibernia to the Punjab is one of the extraordinary episodes of all history.

But it is exceedingly useful; for it provides a means of enabling British democracy to-day to understand something essential in the general nature of the immense problem which has now to be faced in its full extent of moral and physical difficulty. Among the many millions of our new electorate, hardly one in a thousand has the vaguest knowledge of India. Only an almost infinitesimal percentage of the huge Indian population has the slightest knowledge of Britain. When you land in India, no matter how much you may have read and studied beforehand, you know that no book has ever explained it to you. When you leave, you know that you never can explain it to anyone else. This or that trait you may draw to the life; this or that aspect you may more or less faithfully depict; but the vision and the meaning of the whole in its magnitude and its interminglings, in the contrasts and contradictions of scene and psychology, are what you can never hope to convey. To keep a full view that neither loses its hues nor falsifies proportion taxes your own mind to the utmost.

Yet between Calcutta and the Khyber Pass one analogy springs repeatedly to the eye—a certain resemblance to Ireland as it was not long ago with its racial and sectarian rivalries, its imaginative ardor, and its emotional vehemence applied to a nationalist agitation. The Indian question is like the former Irish question, except that it is a hundred times larger and a thousand times more complicated, with imaginative emotionalism capable of working itself up to far higher pressure, and with explosive possibilities in proportion. Thus those who are unable to perceive the peculiar force of the analogy between India and Ireland are blind indeed; and the analogy teaches what to avoid.

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MORE and more Sinn Fein has become the model for that fervently extreme school of Hindu nationalism which is now beginning an intense effort to prevail. The playing of 'The Wearing of the Green' in Lahore is no freak. The tune has been deliberately adopted as the anthem of the Congress. It implies an attempt to imitate the Irish model right through; and to go further, if possible, up to complete independence. The Sinn Fein elements of Indian agitation are profoundly self-deceived by Irish precedents, which could only lead them to gigantic disasters. But, for the present, the impulsive superficial dream is an enthusiastic influence with which we shall have to reckon.

The eve of 1930 in India is wonderfully like the atmosphere of 1917 in Ireland. The same words fill the air. 'Dominion Status—Conference—Amnesty' are confusing cries spreading even among Moderates; while the political boycott, civil revolt, secession from public bodies, refusal of taxes, withdrawal from every kind of coöperation with British representatives are now proclaimed by the extremists of Indian Sinn Fein.

Thus the warning we gave a few weeks ago about the actual effect of the viceroy's finely meant but not well-guarded reference to 'dominion status' stands sternly justified, as we knew it would be. The effect has been to stimulate every kind of demand that it is absolutely impossible for sane policy to concede in the immediate future. It is Ireland again as in 1917 to this extent, that the more the Moderates talk of 'dominion status'—a phrase certain to be the very mother of confusion amid the swarming complexities and chaotic anomalies of India—the more the Extremists will agitate for independence.

FOLLOWING upon Lord Irwin's pronouncement, the Congress leaders, with Mr. Gandhi and Pandit Motilal Nehru at their head, met the viceroy at New Delhi last Sunday. The sequel was exactly what we expected. Lord Irwin's word in advance of the Simon Report was used, of course, as the pretext for forcing the moral situation. When the viceroy said 'Dominion status ultimately,' the Sinn Fein activists, instead of being restrained, were quite certain to say 'dominion status now'; and, when of necessity refused, they were equally certain to plunge into desperate agitation such as has now come to a climax of incitement in the Congress by its declaration of independence and by the definite policy of trying to use passive resistance and civil revolt to break down the British raj and to sweep it out of India. Again the programme is to imitate the Irish precedents step by step with imaginative madness and practical blindness, disregarding the enormous difference in the circumstances.

The superficial calculation, no doubt, is that a political guerrilla called civil disobedience in support of a cry for independence will force

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in 1930 such concessions, very nearly amounting to the total separation of the larger part of Ireland, as were made to Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. Happily, in this atmosphere of emotional insanity, the policy of civil disobedience is not to come into immediate action. It is a suspended threat; but Mr. Gandhi, the Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, and their colleagues will undoubtedly be given power to put the policy into force at any time. They constitute themselves an executive of revolt.

Thus events have begun to move with a vengeance in India. At home we here are waiting for the Simon Report. Parliament will meet before it can appear. There is much other grave business on hand in the shape of the Five-Power Conference and other conferences, not to speak of the Coal Bill and other aspects of the domestic situation.

FORTUNATELY, or unfortunately, these circumstances restrain comment, and prevent that complete concentration on the Indian problem which will have to come before long. We fear there is very little hope that Mr. Gandhi will come to clearer and truer perceptions. When he and his followers talk of the Sinn Fein precedent they forget the years of horror and crime before and after its success. They forget the Ulster precedent, which applies to a thousand elements in India and around India, and towers above every other lesson. Mr. Gandhi is a saint, but in the intensity of his fixed ideas he is the Lenin of Asiatic sainthood. If he and his colleagues in political Bolshevism—as this movement may be called, despite the economic difference—if these had their way they would sweep India into a raging gulf of anarchy, and bring about the most appalling catastrophe that could overwhelm the inconceivable millions of its hapless common people.

Every Moderate force and sane brain that exists in native politics will be needed from to-day if the progress of reforms is not to be checked altogether until the spirit of anarchy is brought to reason. But India cannot be saved except by Britain and by the great Pax Britannica. As a masterly thinker said, 'For every war we have waged in India we have prevented twenty.' In this spirit and in the calm nobility of it we must hold strongly to our duty, unhurried and undismayed. There is no substitute in India for the Pax Britannica, and for generations there will be no substitute—unless, indeed, our weakness and India's disaster are followed some day by the restoration of peace under other rulers after the extinction of freedom. Vain, above all, is Mr. Gandhi's hope of controlling the forces he is inciting. At home everything must be done to bring about the unity of parties on this question. It is fortunate, on the whole, that Labor is in office. Of the British people themselves we have no fear. They are singularly good in great emergencies of this kind. They will be as steady as a rock, whether the sequel of Lahore is to be the further madness of Hindu extremism or its retreat.

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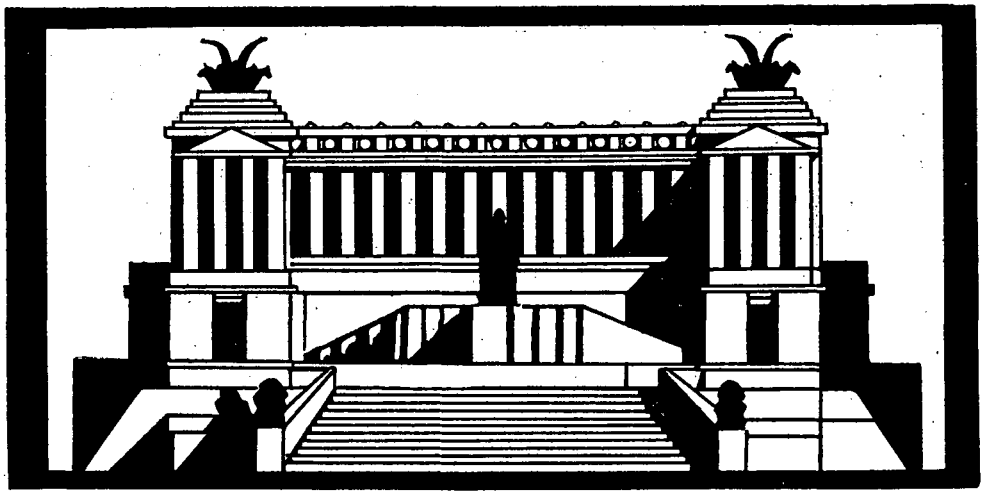

ITALY FACING BANKRUPTCY

A Former Prime Minister Speaks Out

By Francesco Nitti

From the *Manchester Guardian,* Liberal Daily

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT to procure exact information as to the financial condition of countries under dictatorships. There is no check; Parliamentary documents are valueless; the censored press inspires no confidence. This much, however, can be said: dictatorship finance is always bad.

In Spain Primo de Rivera has succeeded in increasing expenditure from 3,000,000,000 pesetas in 1923 to 4,414,000,000 in 1928. But he has done another thing that is much worse: he found the public debt at 9,339,000,000 pesetas and has brought it up to 19,286,000,000—in short, has more than doubled it, piled up more debts in five years than his predecessors did in centuries.

Italian Fascism is the most vigorous and the most tyrannical of all dictatorships. The entire abolition of liberty has produced a profound economic depression, a diminution in almost all revenues, a fall in wages and the greatest of difficulties in production.

It is given out abroad that Fascism found big deficits in the state budget and got rid of them. But all the time a false comparison is being made. The expenditure on the liquidation of the War is not separated from ordinary expenditure. In actual fact the arrival of Fascism in

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power took place at a time when Italy was on the road to financial recovery, and her economic situation was, on the whole, very good. Fascism has merely made the financial situation worse and the economic situation extremely serious.

Very alarming symptoms exist in Italy. The real conditions of credit and industry are evidenced by the bills of exchange protested and the drafts not honored at due date: the number was 306,703 in 1922, just before the arrival of Fascism, and 743,972 in 1928. Declarations of bankruptcy are avoided as far as possible, the courts being very tolerant. But the number of bankruptcies has increased in the same period from 3,828 to 12,103. A large number of banks have failed, and the most important industries are in difficulties. According to the *Bulletin Statistique* of the League of Nations, last August Italy had 1,204 bankruptcies, Germany 845, France 811, the United Kingdom 357 and 286 windings-up of companies, and so on. Bearing in mind that Italian industry is only a small fraction of the industry of Britain, Germany, or France, the extreme gravity of the situation which has been produced through the suppression of all economic liberty is clear.

THE New York *Wall Street Journal* has examined the situation of the security market in Italy. Everything is controlled. Sales are not free, and quotations are purely artificial. Stockbrokers are compelled to send in returns of sellers, and stockbrokers in Rome have been imprisoned for having said that certain quotations ought to be lower.

In spite of this, government stocks are falling every day, paradoxical as this may be, for the result of stabilization in every other country has been to raise the prices of government securities, notably in France and Belgium. But in Italy no one believes in the stabilization of the lira, and government stocks are falling daily.

	3½ Per Cent Stock	5 Per Cent Consolidated
1924	83.55	97.28
1925	76.29	94.49
1926	68.50	90.00
1927	66.49	79.08
1928	73.32	84.16
1929 (present price)	67.50	80.45

(The present prices include the December coupons, 1.75 for the 3½ per cent and 2.50 for Consols.)

It is well known that the word of the Fascist Government is of very restricted value. In November, 1926, it did not pay the Treasury bonds which fell due, and compulsorily converted 23,504,000 lire's worth of them into a consolidated loan which had to be accepted at a very high price and is constantly falling. In 1931, more Treasury bonds valued at a total of 7,000,000 lire will fall due, and it is known already that they will not be able to be redeemed.

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The thing which has specially upset economic conditions in Italy has been the stabilization of the lira, a piece of Fascist bluff handled in an absolutely incompetent manner. Stabilization was effected at an absurd level on December 21st, 1927. In the decree of stabilization the pound sterling was fixed at 92.46 lire and the dollar at 19.10. In round figures Italy stabilized at about 1:3½ of gold parity, while France stabilized at 1:5 and Belgium at 1:7. Italy is much poorer than France or Belgium and her economic resources are very limited.

This stabilization was a Saint Bartholomew's Eve for the national wealth. Its result was to render the taxation insupportable, the public debt excessively burdensome, and production very difficult. Expressed in gold, the central and local government expenditure in Italy is little less than that of France, which is at least three times richer.

In order to maintain the artificial level of the lira (which cannot be kept up indefinitely), loans have been contracted in America, and the industrialists have also been compelled to contract loans to a total of more than $500,000,000. Nearly 9,000,000,000 lire has been lost in the operations of the Treasury. Debts have been piled up continually.

In order to keep the lira steady, recourse is now being had to the reserves of the Banca d'Italia, the only bank of issue. The bank's reserves of gold and of first-class foreign securities fell from 12,516,000,000 lire in March, 1927, to 10,240,000,000 at the end of September, 1929. It is not to be supposed that this reserve actually exists in gold and securities. The figure is calculated in 'paper gold,' that is, by multiplying the actual quantity of gold or securities by the stabilization quota. The real reserve was equivalent eighteen months ago to £623,000,000, and has since dropped to the equivalent of £510,000,000. It is falling daily, and it is almost impossible to get credits abroad.

THE trade balance has gone steadily from bad to worse; the balance of foreign payments is dangerous and makes it impossible to sustain the existing rate of the lira.

	Imports	Exports	Deficit
	(In millions of lire)		
1924	19,381	16,529	2,852
1925	26,200	21,015	5,184
1927	20,375	15,632	4,743
1928	21,920	14,559	7,361
1929 (first 8 months)	14,675	9,593	5,082

(*Gazzetta Ufficiale*, February 21st and October 21st, 1929.)

The present year shows virtually the same deficit as 1928. Thus, in five years the deficit has grown in round figures from £140,000,000 to £250,000,000. Italy is no longer a creditor but a debtor country. As for the merchant marine, it is passing through a severe crisis and its revenues are only of limited importance.

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In the past the balance of payments came from two big sources of revenue. The more important of these was the money sent home by Italian emigrants, to which Fascist policy has put a complete stop. The other source of revenue was tourist expenditure, and that has fallen nearly 40 per cent.

More than nine million Italians live abroad. In 1923, the year after the beginning of Fascist rule, 391,000 persons emigrated and 151,000 returned to Italy, leaving a net emigration of 240,000. In 1928, 171,000 emigrated and 147,000 returned—a net emigration of 24,000; emigration is, therefore, virtually ended. But the revenues from emigration are also terminating. In 1925 emigrants remitted 787,000,000 lire to the postal savings banks and withdrew 548,000,000; in 1928 they remitted only 217,000,000 and withdrew 616,000,000.

The Banco di Napoli, which transmits part of the savings of emigrants living in the United States, sent out 679,000,000 lire in 1925, 415,000,000 in 1927, and 345,000,000 in 1928, and the diminution was still greater in 1929. Italian emigrants are almost all anti-Fascist and have no sympathy with the Government and no confidence in the stability of the lira. Though the export of money is not free, rich Italians are convinced that the stabilization is only transitory, and that the lira will fall. They are therefore secretly sending abroad all that they can dispose of. This aggravates the situation.

How, then, will the deficit in the balance of foreign payments be made good? How will it be possible to maintain the stabilization of the lira? To find new credits is almost impossible, and even that would only prolong a situation from which there is no way out. At present, the reserves of the Banca d'Italia are being used, but how long will they last?

WHAT is the cause of this situation? It lies primarily in the heavy outlays of the dictatorship. In order to maintain itself in power it has had to increase the public expenditure, undertake useless public works, and appease a large number of discontented people.

The state budget is an insoluble puzzle. Surpluses are reported where enormous deficits, masked by absurd artifices, really exist. There is no real budget, since the Government can do what it will by decree. Since the decree of June 5th, 1926, a series of tricks have been resorted to that dissemble the real expenditure. There are a large number of special accounts outside the budget and the current budget, which showed a small deficit, had in reality a deficit of nearly 2,000,000,000 lire.

The waste is so serious that even under the Fascist régime an interesting document, the Report of the General Commission of the Budget, presented to the Chamber on June 11th last, was compelled to admit it. This document confessed that real military expenditure had more than doubled between 1922–3 and 1927–8. As well as the army, navy, and air

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service, there are six special militias for the defense of Fascism, all with enormous personnels. The police expenditure is three times as heavy as in France. According to the Budget Commission, the interest on the public debt increased from 4,134,000,000 lire in 1922–3 to 4,674,000,000 in 1927–8; the expenditure on the state employees and functionaries from 3,558,000,000 to 4,376,000,000; the expenditure on pensions (Fascism has dismissed the best officials in order to make room for its faithful supporters) from 359,000,000 to 753,000,000; on the Civil Services (including personnel) from 3,257,000,000 to 4,745,000,000, and so on. Expenditure in the colonies has been carried to so absurd an extent that it amounts now to the equivalent of nearly £50 per head of the native population, including men, women, and children.

But it is in local government that the waste reaches really formidable proportions. All the podestàs, who are militant Fascists, spend what they please. There have been enormous scandals, as in the municipality of Milan, where the loan of $30,000,000 contracted in America was rapidly squandered. It is calculated that during the Fascist period the expenses of local government have grown from less than 4,000,000,000 to over 8,000,000,000 lire. Almost all the large towns have deficits; but the aggregate deficit of the small towns and villages is still greater.

All that can be done is to increase the taxation while talking of reducing it. The Government does what it pleases. It needs money; it imposes saving. Every trader, even the smallest, and all owners of property are required to deposit a sum as a guarantee. A guarantee against what? Against errors of the tax collectors. This is something new in the world. Householders are compelled to pay their rents to the post offices. The Government disposes of this money as it pleases. Quite recently the Government gave the Vatican 1,000,000,000 lire of 5 per cent consolidated stock. It took this sum from the Cassa Depositi e Prestiti. This sum is held by the Cassa for its depositors and is returnable to them in ten years! Levies of this sort are made every day.

FASCISM has to spend lavishly, and not only for its heavy military requirements, its swollen police, its six special militias; hundreds of millions of lire must go into continual and active propaganda abroad. The discussion in the American Senate on the subject of the articles in *Harper's Magazine* is very interesting in this connection. Expenditure is incurred for purely political purposes in Austria, Hungary, and the Balkans.

All the statistics of Italian economic conditions, although tampered with, are very grave. The reduction in consumption and the increase in bankruptcies remain the gravest indications of all. Everything that has happened is a result of a régime which suppresses all liberty, all criticism, all initiative.

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THE LATE ENTENTE CORDIALE

Britain Abandons France

By 'Pertinax'

Translated from *L'Echo de Paris,* Paris Clerical Daily

THE GENERAL PUBLIC in Great Britain is greeting with indifference the reactions of the other parties toward the Labor Cabinet. The number of trade union agitators is diminishing and the unions themselves are coming to terms with big groups of employers and forming joint organizations. It is true that a few strikes have occurred, but since 1926 they have become relatively rare. What a tranquil atmosphere it is! Yet only a year ago the property-holding class was terrified by the very thought of Labor installing itself in Downing Street. The worst has now happened and people are thanking their stars that things are no worse than they are. Henceforth they will not get excited quite so easily.

Indifferent to their domestic difficulties, and still more apathetic toward European affairs, the British are satisfied, on the whole, to know that the prestige of the Empire was reëstablished at the Hague, and that the foundations of Anglo-American friendship were laid at Washington. On the two all-important subjects of German payments and redistribution of naval strength the forces of evil were defeated. The rest makes no difference. Yet these glad tidings are accompanied by statements that France, not from any sense of malice, but from mere caprice and inexplicable discontent, will be able to scuttle Mr. MacDonald's great project. The powers that be in England suspect that France is preparing to execute some sharp trick. In the domain of foreign policy this is probably the most clear-cut and lively feeling in England at present.

I was invited by the Royal Institute of International Affairs to explain the reasons for the discontent of the French. This is an unfamiliar theme on the other side of the channel, and no wonder, for officially, through all the speeches of our minister of foreign affairs, France is spreading the fable that she is satisfied, overwhelmed with favors, and is all prepared to lead the nations of earth into a peaceful federation in an atmosphere of flutes and flowers. There is a perpetual contradiction in France between Briand on the one hand, celebrating the triumph of a new world, and public opinion as well as the legislature on the other, expressing all the fears of the old world. Seen from without, what a lunatic asylum we must appear to be!

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I TRIED to make my British audience understand that Briand's speeches express a kind of collective hallucination arising from the passionate aspirations on the part of the French people for repose, but that the real world, unfortunately, has not entirely surrendered its claims upon us. In the discussions of 1919 our negotiators were firmly assured that an Anglo-French-American alliance with permanent resources to crush the eventful aggressor would be granted to us, and on this hypothesis the whole peace treaty was built. To-day, however, we possess only the League of Nations Covenant, which, though it names the judges of to-morrow's disputes, only offers us imaginary gendarmes as protection. The result is that we find ourselves completely cheated, just as we were in the case of the Locarno Pact, which was designed to give us more protection on our eastern front than was guaranteed by the League Covenant. Two years ago the Kellogg Pact increased our discomfiture still further, for in actual practice it definitely replaced the feeble possibilities of a squad of Genevan gendarmes with the idea of international law backed up by no sanctions whatever, or, in other words, dictated by the strongest and most brutal powers. At this fresh turn of affairs, we played a stupid, shortsighted, and foolish part, but the English made the same mistake, for, after all, they are scarcely less interested than we ourselves in maintaining order in Europe.

In other words, the British freed themselves from any real engagement in relation to the continent of Europe, although they had poured out their blood to help make that continent what it is, and, in consequence, we now ask ourselves whether we can even count on their sentimental support when some common danger arises. We do not wish to abandon all hope, but the events in Poland during August, 1920, when Lloyd George, Lord Balfour, and Bonar Law broke the agreement they had made with President Millerand to protect civilization against Bolshevism, and in a direct, imperious note demanded that the government at Warsaw capitulate with the Soviets, have filled us with doubt and distrust.

My hearers listened to me open-mouthed. I then read a most curious telegram written at that time, showing how Lord D'Abernon and Sir Horace Rumbold, who were present at the Polish capital with General Weygand and M. Jusserand, not only blamed their home government for having changed its mind, but praised the firmness of Millerand with all their might.

WHY did so many mistakes in doctrine and conduct occur? The answer is to be found in the false concept that the British have formed of French imperialism and German imperialism, for they imagine that the former is resuscitated and that the latter has disappeared. I took pains to demonstrate that French imperialism never

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amounted to more than an occasional outbreak, whereas the roots of German imperialism extend deep down into a kind of geographic and historical fatality—the juxtaposition of a highly organized people, skilled in colonizing, with a more or less amorphous mass of Slavic neighbors, formless, and even, to a certain degree, open to annexation, yet capable of freeing themselves, sooner or later, through some great explosion. It was useless trying to annihilate German imperialism, for it still virtually exists, having no connection with any class or any group but corresponding to a propensity that the whole nation shares. To restrain or to contain this yearning of Germany's, England ought not to be content with maintaining a state of balance, but should throw her weight into the scales on the side of France. If she does not do this history has every chance of repeating itself.

This lecture given in public and private and repeated at Oxford before the students brought forth the greatest variety of replies. At London Mr. Wickham Steed, former editor of *The Times*, admitted that my historical line of reasoning would be true if a profound moral revolution had not occurred in the last ten years, and if it were not for the fact that an immeasurable abyss separates post-War and pre-War Europe. That was the great argument. No one denied the vague character of the Locarno Pact, or the gradual decay of the League Covenant, or the complete ruin of Article 16 relating to sanctions, on which the ill-starred Geneva Protocol of 1924 was based.

In other matters of detail people conceded me all kinds of things, and a German went so far as to tell me that I had defined German imperialism in a way that completely satisfied him, but when the shouting was over both the idealists and realists agreed that what is done, is done, and that from the point of view of their own country the best course now is to cling to the Kellogg Pact, which imposes no precise obligations on anybody. The idealists were convinced that humanity had really received the Holy Spirit, and the realists, disgusted with the League of Nations and the rapid increase of the absurd treaties that have been flourishing in the last ten years, hoped that they would be able once again to breathe the air of splendid isolation; and, moreover, they saw additional advantages in drawing closer to the United States.

'Having once desired a permanent alliance with your country, I now demand that the British Empire rely on itself alone. It is the only way that it can find itself. International coöperation has turned out to be pure madness. We can only recover our common sense in solitude.'

These words spoken by a diplomat enabled me to put my finger on the besetting sin that our zealous compatriots at Geneva committed when, with Briand at their head, they urged that the Kellogg Pact be brought into being. For, just as the Covenant killed alliances, so the Kellogg Pact is now about to destroy the Covenant.

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Almost nothing remains of the Entente Cordiale, and no longer does any desire for a special agreement with France exist. We shall see very clearly at the London Naval Conference how completely that old agreement has been discarded. Yet the least that we can hope of our delegates at that affair is that they shall make no attempt to bring a corpse to life, for every patriotic consideration that we might abandon in an attempt to induce England to coöperate with us again, even on a smaller scale, could not fail to commit her more firmly to her pro-American policy and to crown this policy with complete success. The Puritan spirit is triumphing, and England is turning the most dogged side of her nature in our direction. Let us keep what we have and allow things to take their course.

THE first Entente Cordiale, which created Belgium, vanished after fifteen years in the dispute about the Spanish marriages; the second Entente Cordiale, arising from the Crimean War, succumbed six years later when France annexed Savoy; the third Entente Cordiale endured slightly more than twenty years. It began in 1904 and the Locarno agreement of October 16th, 1925, represented its decease. It will be born again when Central and Eastern Europe begin to make Western Europe anxious, not only by reason of the plans that will be formed there, but through direct actions. If, in the meanwhile, no other system is found to replace it, and we are afraid that this will be the case, we shall be only too happy to enter into it again. Between 1904 and 1914 we saw Conservatives and Liberal ministers alike gradually dropping the prejudice they cherished against an alliance with France. In an indeterminate future we shall again see a similar rhythm repeating itself among the new ministers, who will doubtless come from a lower class of society than their predecessors. Unfortunately, the Locarno agreement, which prevents our former partner from entering into any special contracts with us, will slow down the development of this movement. The spirit of Paul Cambon will have to return to earth to remove this block of granite from the road ahead.

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HOW EUROPE GETS ITS OIL

A Study in Large-Scale Distribution

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle,* Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

THE PETROLEUM SITUATION in France can best be appraised by comparing it with the conditions in those other countries which find themselves in the same case—that is, countries which are large consumers of petroleum, but whose soil produces none or almost none. The time has passed when a great trust used as its slogan the Biblical formula, 'God lights the world by day; the Standard Oil by night.' For at that time oil was used almost exclusively for lighting the home, while gasoline was sold in tins by the litre at grocery stores. The state taxed it like coffee, sugar, or chocolate, seeing in it only a source of indirect revenue.

But, since the World War, new worries have come to haunt the minds of legislators. The enormous consumption of oil by the fleets and armies of the belligerents showed that petroleum is of exceedingly great military importance. The Allies, as Lord Curzon said in a famous speech, were borne to victory on a flood of oil.

The German defeat proved that a nation deprived of oil finds its airplanes, its submarines, its cruisers suddenly at a standstill, the rapid transportation of troops by trucks stopped, even its railways paralyzed for lack of lubricating fluid. Since then every government which has not found in its national territory the necessary sources of supply has tried to assure itself, during peace time, of indispensable reserve stocks, and has tried to escape from the grasp of those who control the raw material. Thus in all nonproductive countries legislation finds itself dominated by a political consideration.

The development of 'cracking' caused another important change. Before the War only gasoline, lubricating oils, and paraffin were obtained from crude oil by distillation, the crude oil itself being used only by Diesel engines and the heating systems of a few large ships.

Because it was impractical at that time to transport oversea a product containing such a high percentage of waste, refineries sprang up in the countries of production at the meeting points of the pipe lines through which the oil was brought from the wells to the ports. European countries could not think of establishing the oil industry at home, and even in France the Cartel of Ten worked only already distilled products.

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Nowadays, however, by submitting petroleum to the combined action of high pressure and high temperature we are able to make its molecules 'crack'—hence the name, 'cracking'—so that certain ones, rid of their heavier parts, become gasoline, while others, combining with the matter released from the former, become heavy lubricating oils. Suddenly the waste has been reduced to little or nothing; often not more than 7 or 10 per cent. Crude oil can thus be transported without appreciable loss. It becomes a simple raw material which may be treated away from the source of supply. A petroleum industry may arise in a nonproductive country, and, just as the European cotton industry developed in countries which raise no cotton, the petroleum industry is migrating from the countries of production to those of consumption.

This movement possesses two advantages. In the political field, construction of distillation and cracking factories on the native soil of a country gives that country, in time of war, all the necessary equipment for manufacturing those military supplies which depend upon petroleum products. In the economic field, cracking has produced enormous profits for the trusts by permitting the extraction of 30 to 40 per cent more of refined oils per ton of crude oil, thus assuring quick amortization and a large return on the capital invested.

Of course, the raw material must still be imported, but the trusts have control of only a small part of this, as they are largely refiners, carriers, and distributors. It is their factories, their pipe lines, their tankers, their reservoirs, and their pumps which assure them their supremacy, and a country with enough capital to control these can turn to the independent crude-oil producers. There are still oil fields which the trusts do not control, particularly in Colombia, the Argentine, and Russia; and the development of cracking has made it easier to do business with the producers, since now the production of gasoline exceeds its consumption, so that there is a surplus of crude petroleum. No longer does the consumer seek the producer; to-day it is the other way round.

The movement, therefore, seems technically possible, politically desirable, and economically remunerative, and it explains why we find each of the larger European states fostering an independent domestic petroleum industry. The means of assisting these infant industries differ with the conditions in the various countries—from complete freedom, as in England and Germany, to a state monopoly, as in Spain, and including controlled markets aided by organizations that are partly state-owned and partly privately owned, as in Italy and France.

GREAT BRITAIN has adopted a policy of freedom, not because of any liberal tradition but simply for logical reasons. She did not have to defend herself against petroleum trusts since the two largest, the Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch Shell, are under British control.

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The Anglo-Persian built the first two refineries on English soil, one near Swansea and the other at Grangemouth, and following the unexpected success of these the Royal Dutch Shell built a refinery at Thames Haven. These two groups could easily install all the equipment necessary for supplying England in time of war as well as in time of peace. Nevertheless the government did not wish to assure them of a monopoly. The Anglo-Persian works its own oil sent directly from the Persian Gulf, while the largest part of the crude petroleum treated by Shell comes from wells which it exploits in the United States. The Americans, for their part, allow their wells to be used only on condition that their companies have an open door in England, and hence a subsidiary of the Standard Oil, the A.G.W.I., set up refineries at Fawley near Southampton where Venezuelan petroleum is refined. The Soviets, too, have profited by establishing, under the name of the Midway Oil and Storage Company, similar factories near London. The sales of the Russian Oil Products are just developing and last March final arrangements were made between the two countries.

GERMANY has adopted the same liberal policy, but for very different reasons. Before the War two great German firms had come to control the home market. Of course they had to buy their materials from the Anglo-Saxon trusts, but by participating in the Galician and Rumanian oil fields they managed to acquire a certain control, and the exploitation of the Mosul fields should have assured them full independence.

The Versailles Treaty, by confiscating all the German capital invested in foreign enterprises, destroyed all these preparations and the English and Americans rushed in to occupy the fields thus vacated. Shell formed Rhenania Ossag, Anglo-Persian formed Olex, Standard Oil bought Deutsche Gazolin from Stinnes, and Vacuum Oil built refineries at Hamburg and at Königsberg. Germany became the battlefield of the Anglo-Saxon trusts. In their eagerness to obtain the market they turned directly to the public and initiated a system of retail selling and, tired of fighting among themselves, united to force out the remaining German distributing companies, who turned, in desperation, to the U.S.S.R. In conjunction with the Soviet Mineral Oil Syndicate they formed the Derunaft, which installed refineries and supplied the independent German concerns. Recently, due to the efforts made by the trusts to monopolize the retail market, a new company, the D.E.R.O.P., was formed and has established a large network of gasoline stations, tank cars, and trucks in Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Leipzig, and Nuremberg.

At the present time one-third of the vehicles operating in Berlin use Russian gasoline and the U.S.S.R. furnishes 30 per cent of all the

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lubricating oils consumed in Germany. It is true that the capital and the material come from foreign firms whose tendency to monopoly is to be feared. The Anglo-Saxon trusts are always menacing and Russia furnishes scarcely 10 per cent of the total amount of gasoline consumed.

Being, therefore, unable to draw petroleum from her own soil Germany has demanded it of her chemists, and the famous I. G. Farbenindustrie has set itself to study the manufacture of synthetic gasoline. Near the lignite mines of Saxony they have built the Merseburg plant, which now supplies the German market with 70,000 tons of gasoline a year and which could produce 250,000 tons. Thus German chemistry is in a position to play on the petroleum trusts the same trick that synthetic nitrate played on controllers of Chilean nitrates.

Since this unforeseen development the trusts have had to compromise. Standard Oil recently entered an agreement with I. G. Farbenindustrie in which it promised to sell limited quantities of the latter's products in foreign markets, but allowed it entire liberty in the home market. Thus, thanks to the genius of her chemists and to the aid of the Soviet Neft Syndicate, Germany has been able to obtain a complete refining and distributing industry, sufficient for all her needs, and this without expending any large amount of capital. The system of liberty adroitly employed assured her an independent supply.

SPAIN employs the opposite system, state control. Up to the first part of 1928, the peninsula was like Germany, a battlefield of foreign trusts. Shell had five large depots there and a whole distributing system. The Standard Oil had followed the same course and several French companies had been in the field for years. But the dictator, finding that his fleet and his army were at the mercy of an embargo from England, the United States, and even from France, decided to make the manufacture and marketing of petroleum a state monopoly and in December, 1927, ordered the seizure of all refineries, reservoirs, supplies, boats, and tank cars belonging to foreign companies. He then constituted a financial company, backed by the Banco Español de Credito, the Banco Hispano Americano, and a group of capitalists friendly to the Government. The object of this company is to repay to the foreign trusts the value of their factories, which were so brusquely confiscated; to finance the purchase of petroleum abroad; to increase from four to ten the number of tankers necessary for a complete supply; and, finally, to construct three large plants for distilling and cracking. Complete success crowned his efforts. The dictator assured the independence of his fleet and his army, kept for the Treasury the magnificent profits resulting from cracking and the sale of the oil and at the same time reduced the price of gasoline to the consumer, lowering it to .58 of a peseta a litre while in France it was selling for .60.

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But difficulties soon began. To dispense with buying crude oil from the English and American trusts, the Spanish had counted on using the oil fields of the Latin-American countries, but lack of capital prevented them from drilling and laying pipe lines in the Argentine and in Colombia. They had to fall back on Russia.

The financial troubles were worse. They had thought that 60 to 70 million pesetas would be enough to repay the trusts for the confiscated refineries, but more than 100 million pesetas has already been poured out, not counting the indemnities for damages. Furthermore, the construction of plants will cost large sums and necessitate issues of paper money, and the economic nationalism of the dictator has caused such a withdrawal of foreign capital that the rate of the peseta has experienced disquieting oscillations. Spain lacks experienced technical experts, and the two Spanish banks linked willy-nilly with the enterprise are at open war with the governmental group, which they reproach with having played politics in recruiting the company's directing personnel. To-day, after more than a year of operation, the monopoly, far from being economical, has had to raise the retail price two centesimi a litre.

ITALY had to solve the same problem, but she did this by a very ingenious plan which is neither complete liberty as in Germany, nor absolute monopoly as in Spain. Italy, too, because of lack of resources, found herself completely at the mercy of English and American trusts for the price of petroleum and the supply for her fleets and armies. She had to defend both her political independence and her home market against foreign exploitation.

Naturally Mussolini thought first of a state monopoly, and toassure his supply he even negotiated with the U.S.S.R. for the purchase of a concession in the Northern Caucasus. But for the laying of a pipe line to the Black Sea and the purchase of tankers to transport the oil from Novorossiisk to Italy capital was lacking, and the Americans, forewarned, withheld their support, so that the Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell had to be allowed to establish their refineries and distributing enterprises all over Italy, where they at once found themselves threatened by Russian rivalry, just as they had been in Germany. At this point Mussolini founded a company known as the Petrolia, modeled after the Derunaft, with a capital of 500 million lire, half of which was subscribed by the Neft Syndicate, and half by an Italian financial group. The administrative board is composed of Soviet and Italian delegates in equal number, the president, however, being an Italian. This company has refineries in Fiume and reservoirs in Savona, and it is thanks to Petrolia that Italy has become the largest buyer of Russian petroleum.

Another enterprise, known as the A.G.I.P., is under the direct control of the state, but enjoys complete autonomy where industrial and

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commercial questions are concerned. It buys oil where and from whom it pleases; it establishes reserve stocks for the Army and Navy; it can at any time check a rise in prices by throwing a part of its reserves on to the market. It even allows an exceptionally low price to certain classes of consumers which the Government wishes to favor.

Of course, the A.G.I.P. always has to buy its oil, whether crude or refined, abroad, but it endeavors to use sources independent of the Anglo-Saxon trusts and of Russia. It founded two companies, one to investigate oil fields in Italy itself, the other to work certain bituminous schists which have been found on the national soil. It recently granted a subsidy of 20 million lire to operate wells in Albania, and obtained an important concession in Rumania. It has also entered into a contract with the Royal Dutch to participate in the drilling at Mosul, but little can be expected of this for the present as the Anglo-American trusts control 75 per cent of the operations there, and, owing to the development of cracking, they are now doing their utmost to restrict the production of crude oil everywhere. Thus it is certain that many years will elapse before they will allow the tremendous possibilities of that field to be exploited. They are also bending all their energies to prevent the working of the Albanian wells. However, thanks to the A.G.I.P. and Russian oil, Italy, without having recourse to state monopoly, is in a position to control prices and to procure enough reserves to maintain its independence.

TO SUM up, if one considers the great consumer countries bordering on France one perceives that however different their systems of control may be they are all founded on the same idea: to assure the commercial and political independence of their markets. The development of cracking, by revolutionizing the refining industry and by bringing it from the producing to the consuming countries, offered to the latter an opportunity which they dared not neglect. As to methods, they differ widely, extending from complete state monopoly, as in Spain, to free competition without restriction or privilege; but it should be noted that such liberty sometimes ends, as in England, in an understanding between the petroleum companies which actually leaves little freedom to the home market. In regard to the other large countries,—Germany, Italy, and Spain,—they are unable to hope for autonomy without the help of Russia.

What is the position of the Soviet Government with regard to this matter? So far it seems to be undecided; sometimes it takes the side of various companies in the consumer states, as in Germany and Italy, and sometimes joins with the trusts, as in England. But it is evident, at all events, that any governmental policy which ignores the question of oil will be forever doomed to failure.

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AMERICA'S IMMANENT DESTINY

New Hope from the New South

By Pierre de Lanux

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle,* Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

WHEN WOODROW WILSON had completed his history of America in 1909 he said that a nation that did not know its own past was surely lost, pointing out that if you do not know where you have come from you do not know whither you are going, and that a nation that forgets what it was yesterday does not know what it is to-day. It cannot, however, be asserted that Americans are ignorant of the more striking episodes in their history, nor can they be accused of not liking the subject. The trouble is that they only seem to remember those incidents in their history that apply clearly and reassuringly to the present day, just as their religion is confined to matters that bear only on affairs of the moment.

As a result, their minds focus solely on contemporary problems, and they resemble a certain statesman whose energy, in the words of Jacques Rivière, lulls him to sleep; for it is possible for an extreme degree of agitation to be accompanied by mental unconsciousness, and a great nation living in a perpetual state of material change can also live in a condition of relative stagnation from the spiritual point of view. But the America to which this statement applies is not modern America, which, in my opinion, is shaken by profound anxiety. The America to which I refer is the America of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, during which period its soul changed less than the soul of any other great nation.

The Constitution, which dates from 1788, has undergone only minor amendments that have left its fundamental principles unaltered, though the latter are sometimes departed from in practice. And for more than a hundred years no foreign soldier has menaced the nation's soil. Compare this with the history of France, Italy, Germany, or Russia during the same period. The crisis of 1861 between the North and the South did, of course, upset the foundations of the Union as far as the vanquished states were concerned, since it replaced a free federation with an allegiance imposed by force. But the victorious North scarcely observed the change, and, although the South still defends the legality of its lost cause, it has accepted the consequences of defeat and no longer considers leaving the Union.

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There is scarcely another country in the world where the national foundations, the public administration, the relations between individuals, the customs, and the political traditions, both domestic and foreign, have been so generally agreed upon and established. In most instances this process has been accomplished by free and conscious acceptance, but in a few cases involving real differences of principle the minority has submitted. There are also certain manifestations—the Dayton trial, for example—whose anachronism quite amazes us and whose contradiction of modern habits of thought we cannot understand, but they simply mean that certain values have never been revised for lack of time or curiosity. Another contributory cause of this submissive attitude may be that the principle of loyalty, which was so seriously threatened in 1861, now makes every American prefer not to examine or to discuss certain topics.

After all, seventy years is a short period in a country's life, and since this period has been put to profitable uses in other spheres perhaps America has nothing to regret. But the sudden revival of interest in the past of America, an interest that is reflecting itself in an immense output of historical studies, is leading the whole nation to ask itself certain urgent questions, and the present time is characterized by what might be described as a renaissance of historical anxiety.

WILSON was a Virginian. So were Washington, Jefferson, and the great rebels of 1861, General Jackson and General Lee. So are Pershing and the explorer, Byrd. Virginia belongs to the South, a part of the country of which Europe has remained almost completely ignorant since 1865. Furthermore, it was in this part of the country that the older immigrants settled, the English, the French, and the Spanish, and its agriculture prospered long before the North grew rich through industry. Money counts for but little in Southern society, for all the great families were ruined by the Civil War, yet they know how to live and it is a poorer but happier world they live in. They are less well-informed but often better instructed. They are less Puritanical but often wiser, and if the cuisine is a factor in determining the value of a civilization the South occupies a place of honor and the Middle West does not exist.

History has been written in such a way that the average European has merged in his mind the slavery question and the question of the modern negro. It is impossible to debate the matter here, but one of the facts that a revised history of the Secession will reveal is that abolitionism was not what determined the North to go to war. Many Southerners believed in abolishing slavery and it would have gradually been wiped out anyway; the French colonies had put a stop to it only twelve years before. Moreover, although the negro has been theoretically freed by a

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constitutional amendment, he does not yet vote. What makes the negro question still a serious one is the attitude that was adopted by politicians during the cruel period of reconstruction. Memories of this time are responsible for the condition of terror that still exists between whites and blacks in political matters. At the same time, the individual relations between the two races are more humane in the South than in the North. I visited a plantation in Arkansas where seventy whites and three thousand negroes were living far from any city without a single policeman. Southern children are brought up by black nurses and by old black servants who preserve all the magic, all the tenderness, all the fantasy of their race and communicate it to their young masters. In Chicago, on the other hand, the two populations observe each other without mingling, without getting acquainted, and at the least incident panic breaks forth.

What aggravated the suffering of the South between 1865 and 1875 was that after the war the best elements in the North turned west to seek prosperity. As they pursued this task, building new cities and roads, the South fell into a deeper mood of bitterness than had the French after 1871, and, indeed, the histories of the two countries bear many resemblances. But three generations have now passed. Slowly the South has won back a place in the Union, and has lately attained considerable economic prosperity. Tennessee, North Carolina, Louisiana, Texas, and Alabama are some of the states that have prospered most rapidly in recent years, for in 1900 the South had barely regained the position it had reached in 1860.

Forty million people live in the South, and, although their state of mind is more similar to ours than that of the Northerners, we are less familiar with them. I predict that their influence on the destiny of America will be great and that our exchanges with that part of the United States promise much more than we generally imagine. The old civilization remains alive. I have seen it with my own eyes, whatever may be said to the contrary, and the present generation in the South has been cured of the inferiority complex that separated their fathers from the outer world. It must, of course, be understood that the old South, with its cavaliers, its duels, and all the picturesque happenings of the 1850's will not return to earth. Nevertheless, I was amazed at the strong attachment young Southerners feel toward their old traditions. A modern South, deeply rooted in its distant past, is preparing, perhaps without being aware of it, to play a leading rôle in America's future.

NEED I add that nothing could be more likely to lead to closer relations with France? The South is Wilsonian and pro-French,—the two things go together,—just as it was in 1918, and this 'conservative' district has less difficulty in understanding the modern world than have

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the 'radicals' of the Middle West, to whom too many newspapers have attached too much importance in recent years. There are cities in the South that still seem to be living in the time of Napoleon III, but this fact does not prevent their inhabitants from being able to reason clearly or from knowing how to weigh characters and events. In Detroit and Chicago everyone is so busy living in the present day, which has, of course, its splendid aspects, that the only ideas to which any attention is paid are those that yield immediate results. This is why the South provides so many leaders (for, although I have mentioned only Pershing and Byrd, I know of others in business life), whereas the North, with its diligent masses of workers, is less rich in individuals. Compare, for instance, the characters of the Civil War leaders, for on that point, at least, historians are in agreement.

It is precisely because the best elements in the South have guarded their culture and their past that they are qualified to take possession of the future. The generation of conquered Southerners carried this cult too far and often pursued it too narrowly but many of them also became clear-sighted interpreters of events. Men who live for the present only are less able to foresee and prepare their country's destiny. Consider politicians, who are invariably surprised by any new occurrence. The men with true foresight are those who devote an intelligent attention to other periods and to the growth of the nation. Perhaps the mission of the South will be to restore the value of loyalty to one's region—a sentimental and powerful value deeply rooted in biological reality. At the same time the South will accept the laws of international coöperation, which, to a clear-sighted person, do not conflict with national or local patriotism.

Jefferson poured out all his love in building Monticello, yet he gave the world a charter of democratic government. Lee commanded the soldiers of the lost cause, yet ended his life as president of the University of Virginia. Woodrow Wilson created the League of Nations, yet he also said that 'the only part of the nation, the only part of the world where there is no need to explain anything to me is the South.'

Jefferson, Lee, and Wilson, these three great Virginians were all conquered during their lifetimes. Jefferson died a ruined man, with the Senate hesitating to buy his library because it contained too many books in foreign languages. Nevertheless, they are the fundamental stuff of which the United States is made and great Americans are still being created of the same substance. All three were beaten by the age they lived in, yet all three are assured of permanent glory. Spaced at intervals of sixty years, as if to assure those who love America passionately but are sometimes filled with doubt, they exemplify the sure resources and the continually renewed promise of the country's great destiny.

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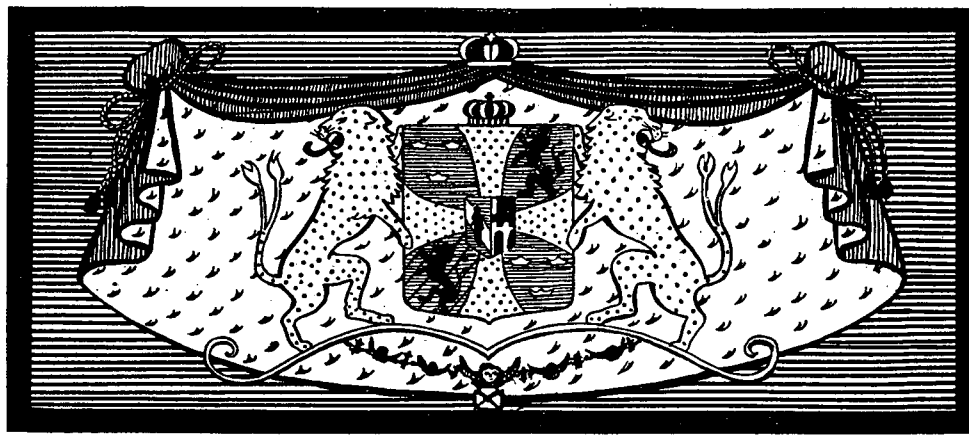

ON ACCEPTING THE NOBEL PRIZE

An Address to the Swedish Academy in Stockholm

By Thomas Mann

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt,* Berlin Liberal Daily

THE LONG-ANTICIPATED OPPORTUNITY for me to express my gratitude has at last arrived. I need not tell you how eagerly I have looked forward to this moment, although now that it has arrived I am somewhat alarmed lest my words fail to convey the intensity of my feelings. This often happens in the case of those who are not orators by natural endowment. In my opinion the writer generally belongs among those devoid of aptitude for oratory. There are profound differences and even oppositions between the methods used by the orator on the one hand and the writer on the other in creating and in producing an effect. The improvisation which characterizes almost all the speeches that have entered into world literature is repugnant to the special instincts and distinctive personality of the writer, for this element of improvisation violates the principle of artistic economy. Furthermore, in my own case there are temporary disadvantages which give me little hope that my emergency supply of oratory will be able to display itself.

The situation in which you yourselves, ladies and gentlemen of the Swedish Academy, have placed me is a turbulent one, gloriously disconcerting, revolutionary, and festive. I really had no adequate concep-

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tion of the tremendous power of the honor that you hold ready to bestow. My nature is epic, not dramatic. I have desired the tranquil prolongation of the thread of my existence, and I have striven for symmetry in life as well as in art. No wonder I am upset, for dramatic happenings have a peculiarly inhibiting effect on the northern temperament, and since the public announcement of the decree of the Academy I have lived in perpetual confusion, in a bewildering topsy-turviness whose psychical and spiritual consequences I can most aptly characterize by recalling one of Goethe's beautiful love poems, addressed to the god of love himself: 'Du hast mir mien Geräthe verstellt und verschoben' —'Thou has disturbed and disarranged all my effects.' In the same way the award of the Nobel Prize has most dramatically disturbed and disarranged my epic equipment. And as a matter of fact I shall not feel that I am belittling the dignity of the honor which has been conferred upon me if I venture to compare its effects with those of the consuming passion of love upon a well-regulated human life.

YET how difficult it is for an artist to resist with good countenance such marks of honor as you are now heaping upon me. Could any respectable, self-aware person of artistic capacities fail to accept them with a clear conscience? A super-personal, super-individual point of view is useful in this situation. It is always beneficial to escape from the individual viewpoint, especially in circumstances such as these. It was Goethe again who said, in typically German fashion, 'Only fools are modest.' These are the words of a very great master who desired by using them to exorcise a certain low, hypocritical moral attitude which he despised. But, ladies and gentlemen, in my opinion his words are not unqualifiedly valid. Modesty also bears some relationship to discretion and the exercise of intelligence; and it seems to me that only a blockhead would find in the marks of honor that have fallen to my lot a source of conceit and arrogance. I should do well to lay the prize which is more or less fortuitously associated with my name at the feet of my country and my countrymen, the country and people with whom I and my kind feel closer sympathy now than we did during the thunderous period of their expanding power. After a lapse of many years the world prize for literature has again gone forth from Stockholm in tribute to the spirit of Germany and to German prose in particular. You probably find it hard to conceive of the delicate susceptibility of this wounded and often enigmatic people toward such signs of sympathetic understanding.

May I presume to interpret somewhat more precisely the significance of this sympathy? Whatever of an intellectual and artistic nature Germany may have achieved during the past decade and a half has not been accomplished under favorable circumstances. No single work could round itself out and come to maturity in safety and ease; intellectual

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and artistic activities have been rigorously handicapped by problematical living conditions, conditions of distress, violence, and suffering. Yet through this anguished perplexity which was almost Eastern, almost Russian in character, the German spirit preserved intact the Occidental, European respect for form—for form, if I am not mistaken, is emphatically an affair of honor in Europe.

I am not a Catholic, ladies and gentlemen. My tradition, which most of you here probably share, is that of the Protestant faith, of the direct approach to God. Nevertheless I have a sort of moral patron saint, whose name I shall divulge. It is the holy Sebastian, the youth you know so well, bound to the stake, pierced from all sides by swords and arrows, yet smiling in spite of his dreadful agony. Saint Sebastian symbolizes the heroism of grace and sweetness under torture. Although it may be audacious to draw this picture I am tempted to ascribe the same heroism to the German spirit and to German art, and to imagine that the universal respect which has fallen to the lot of Germany for her literary achievement has reference to this sublime heroism. The German people have shown in their fiction grace and sweetness under torture and have succeeded in preserving their honor. They did not fall into the anarchy of despair but kept inviolate the German nation, and spiritually they were able to combine the Eastern principle of creation through suffering with the Western principle of form, thus producing beauty from pain.

AND now, as I conclude, permit me to speak once more in a personal vein. When I talked with the first of those who came to interview me after your award, I declared how profoundly satisfied and moved I was by the fact that this distinction had come to me from the north, from the Scandinavian world. For, since I was a child in Lübeck, subject to northern influences, I have felt an intense sympathy and admiration for the spirit and rhythm of the north, and as a young man I wrote a tale called 'Tonio Kröger' which still gives pleasure to young readers. This story deals with the conflict produced in a single person by a mixture of northern and southern influences. I made the south represent the essence of all mad spiritual adventure and the cold passion of artistic creation; the north, on the other hand, epitomized cordiality and homely warmth, deep, tranquil sentiment and sincere humanity. And now the north, this homeland of my heart, receives me with radiant celebration. This is a day of beauty and significance in my life, a true festival of honor, a *Högtidsdag*, in the expressive terminology of the Swedish language. To this word borrowed from the Swedish tongue let me add the request with which I shall close my remarks. I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to join me in thanking and congratulating the important and blessed foundation to which we owe this splendid evening.

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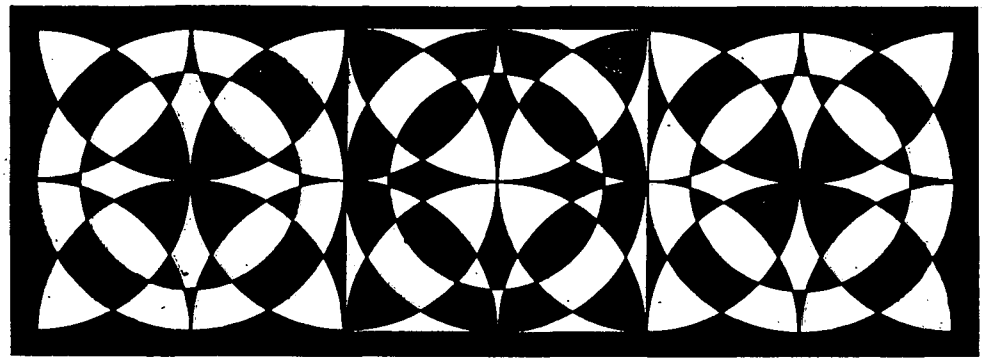

THE SLUMBERING EAST

The Arab as He Is

By Max Karl, Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

THE ORIENT STILL SLUMBERS, dreaming dreams from the *Arabian Nights*, and Arabs clad in Biblical costumes still celebrate, season after season, ancient Biblical festivities. The present year, according to Mohammedan reckoning, is 1347 after the Hegira, and that notation coincides admirably with their mediæval customs. But why mediæval? That is an arbitrary word that we in the West have evolved, and, if it really seems to apply to the Orient to-day, that is because there are many elements in the lives and activities of Eastern peoples reminiscent of fourteenth-century Europe, although we also find in the East many survivals from antiquity; but here, too, we must remember that the word, 'antiquity,' is likewise an arbitrary one.

I should prefer to say that the East and its people are by nature eternal conservatives. The Arab surveys our technical progress with a smile of amazement, mistrust, and pity, looking upon us in much the same way that we Europeans contemplate the sudden burst of modern civilization that has come to Japan, where it has annihilated the ancient Sino-Japanese culture, and in regard to which we ask ourselves secretly how long such a masquerade will continue. For what does a century of technical civilization avail against many thousand years of Oriental culture which have not yet run their course? 'Let us wait,' says the conservative Oriental, 'for what does a mere century amount to when weighed against six thousand years of Oriental history?'

Oh, these narrow, mean streets of Arabia, where the sun seems so far away, and the heavens so close! They are lined with square white

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houses whose tiny, latticed windows look like eyes, outside which birds of bright plumage are twittering in bamboo cages. The arched alleyways of the Tunis bazaar wind round and round like the inside of a conch shell, growing ever narrower as they approach the innermost inclosure of the white city where the Great Mosque stands, the heart and the head of this multitudinous settlement; the noises of these little streets also remind one of a conch shell, of a conch shell held close to one's ear, in which one hears the eternal melody of wind and sea. But voices keep breaking this melody—the harmonious cries of the vegetable merchant, the mournful singsong of the blind beggar, and somewhere in the distance the pipes of Pan, sounded by some shepherd. Everything that had seemed buried in past ages suddenly appears close at hand, and legendary things become clothed with reality. Fantastic architectural structures, perfect expressions of the place and the people, rear themselves about us.

The inner walls of the palace are painted with wondrous colors that look as if they had been laid on by some audacious spirit who had gathered them from a rainbow in the sky. These colors are not blended arbitrarily but are laid down in distinct, mosaiclike patterns which form a perfectly controlled symphony of color and line, a geometrical display of color, with all the charm of chance arrangement artistically planned.

IGNORANT of artistic theories, these people build, paint, and carve in the manner of their forefathers. Yet theirs is not the undisciplined instinct of the savage, but the spirit of an ancient culture which has so thoroughly permeated their flesh and blood that to-day they cannot help but create blindly, using the methods of their ancestors without reflection, learning to comply subconsciously with an unwritten tradition that has been passed on to them. The salvation of their art lies in the fact that in the process of creation they allow pure chance to play a certain rôle so that, through this safety valve, their creative work is infused with natural freedom and life, and constantly repeated lines and tones, which in themselves might be monotonous, are never stiff and dead and never can die. Behind all this activity the regenerative force of a great tradition still operates.

Religion can scarcely be said to play a conscious part in Oriental creative art, but it is undoubtedly present subconsciously. Just as the fragrance of spilled perfumes lingers for centuries in closed rooms, so one perceives in this ancient Arabian city the remote fragrance of bygone periods of culture. And just as the radiance of a distant constellation may warm our earth thousands of years after the constellation itself has grown cold, so the radiance of a long vanished cultural epoch makes the rarest flowers still bloom. We often hear of the deceptive charms of the Orient, but anyone who is familiar with the East cannot possibly deny

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that its wonders are very real, and that they remain a fairy tale only to strangers. For all these Oriental forms which so often seem puzzling to us are deeply rooted in the life of the Eastern people and arise naturally from climatic conditions. Can we repudiate thousands of years simply because we are able to look back over a tiny century of dramatic technical development which in reality is perhaps no more than a period of transition similar to those which, in all probability, the Orient underwent thousands of years ago? Even the ancient Egyptians used machinery to build their gigantic works and the old legend of the flying horse suggests that even the airplane is not a new contrivance. Many scholars profess to believe that many technical secrets of an ancient world disappeared with the legendary island of Atlantis, secrets which emerge to-day only as magic tricks in Oriental fables. It is true beyond a shadow of doubt that the higher magic of the Hindus, which is nothing else than natural science, even to-day controls natural forces with only a few of which, such as electricity and radio-activity, we Europeans are familiar.

THE prototype of the Eastern world of culture, which still surrounds us in all its serenity and brightness in the Orient, undeniably continues to exist, full of vitality, and the Eastern environment has changed but little in the course of thousands of years. The decorations on walls and partitions all reveal the same eternal style. In every aspect of their being the primitive Arabian people are by no manner of means an exhausted race, but are strikingly fresh, strong, and capable of producing. Indeed the astounding fertility of the Semitic races proves their wholly uncorrupted power and vitality, while in Europe there is already a widespread fear that the Western races will die out. The Oriental peoples are so numerous and so philoprogenitive that the individual plays scarcely any rôle, particularly in Eastern Asia, and throughout history Asia has constantly presented the earth with new human hordes that have often overwhelmed European civilizations and peoples. The noble land of Greece was overrun by Persian barbarians, Rome was overwhelmed by the Vandals, and mediæval Europe by the Huns in the east and by the Moors in the west. The power of sheer mass should not be underestimated, and we should remember that civilization is of no account in itself, since it can easily be acquired by uncivilized people. The existence of hundreds and hundreds of millions of people with dark skins is not an illusion. These people are real, present, and full of life. Not only do they possess the weight of mass but they also have their own individual qualities, which are generally partly, if not completely, misunderstood by Europeans. That they are capable of development in a technical sense is proven by the progress Japan has made during the last fifty years and the industrial advance in India and East Africa.

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For the present, most of the dark races lie dormant, but in this slumber lie potential recovery and revitalization, not to say preparation. Hundreds of millions of dark-skinned people are watching diminutive Europe with eyes still somewhat blurred by sleep. Only the edges of Africa and Asia are dominated by European influence. An expedition into the hinterland of either continent demonstrates that almost everywhere the spiritual zone of European influence ends within fifty kilometres. Behind these boundaries of influence hundreds of millions of dark-skinned people are keeping watch. Their points of view are different from ours and they hate us with a bitter hatred. Earlier in history the Chinese wall of distance divided us from these people; to-day modern communications have broken through this wall and we are at last approaching them, and meeting them face to face. But, even if they learn from us in theory, our world remains remote from their hearts.

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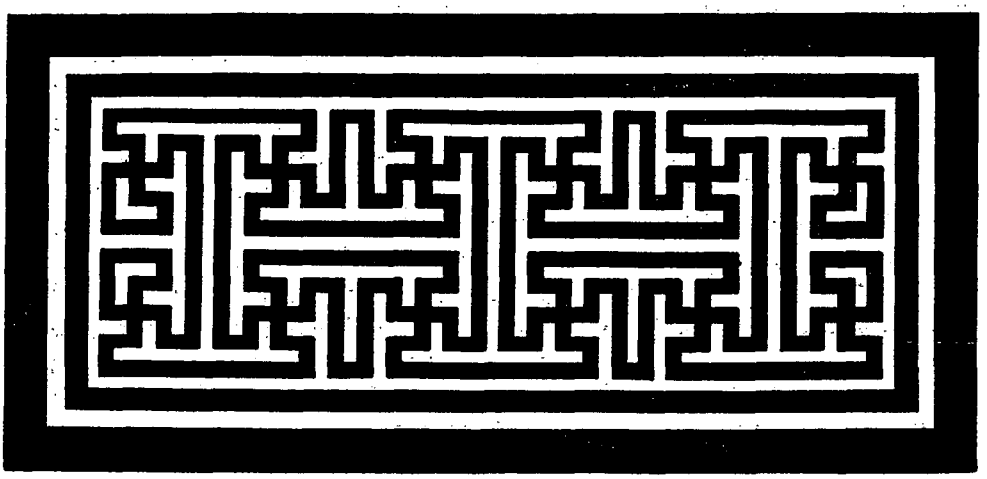

IN A CHINESE TEMPLE

By Alfons Paquet

Translated from *Vorwärts*, Berlin Socialist Daily

BECAUSE I HAPPENED to speak a few words of Mongolian I made the acquaintance of a group of lamas who officiate in an old temple near Mukden, where they invited me to witness one of their extraordinary religious celebrations. . . . It is a beautiful warm day in early summer and the blue sky of heaven is dotted with little white clouds as they celebrate the Feast of Casting Out Devils. The ravens that live in the little groves about the temple are perched on its low roof and in the budding branches of the elm trees and alders. The main temple stands on a slight elevation with steps leading up to it on every side. Statues of the twelve-armed Buddha, half-concealed in a thick haze of incense, can be dimly perceived through the narrow open doors. The common people, the ordinary crowd of Chinese one encounters on the streets, are overflowing the temple yard, spreading superstitious rumors about the monks with their violet and brown vestments and shaven pates, who open their gates to the public on this one day of the year alone. Crowds are therefore gathering here, impelled by an unspoken but profound curiosity.

Active little street urchins are scrambling over the broken-down, filigreed walls. As for the older people, the men are dressed in those unvarying blue costumes, the richer ones wearing freshly washed shirts of light blue, while the coolies, with their tanned bare torsos and yellow faces, are dressed in filthy dark overalls. Swarms of women, too, are chattering at the foot of the stairs, watching over their children, who are

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likewise dressed in blue and have charming little round faces with gleaming black Chinese eyes. The heads of the boys are smooth-shaven except for rings of braided pigtails that look like black halos sticking out from their skulls. The girls have their straight hair combed down to their eyebrows and red braid is wound about their heads. Each of them wears a single flower behind one ear. The whitened countenances of the women are either dotted with dabs of carmine red around their eyes, or with brown spots about the size of an egg symmetrically arranged on other parts of their faces. Almost all of them have covered their yellow complexions with paint, and the tops of their round heads are crowned with immense coiffures that look like ebony towers or the sails or prows of ebony ships. Shafts of silver pierce their hair and artificial flowers as big as saucers are stuck against their temples.

THE ceremony itself is performed in a quadrangle formed in front of the entrance door by monks and specially invited guests. In the centre of the door stands the abbot, barely visible behind the noisy throng of trainbearers, masked figures, and satellites that surrounds him. The more important spectators also press in about him, or regale themselves with the tea and little white cakes that stand on several tiny red tables no higher than one's ankle. As a European, I feel like a visitor from another planet. A courtly Chinese gentleman clad in a long cloak of black silk and with a peacock feather sticking out of his little black silk cap reminds me of an old lady. Both the front and the back of his garment are decorated with square figures woven with gold thread, depicting a whole cycle of legends. A red sun radiates golden rays on a sea of blue and white, while a heron flies away into the distance. Other representatives of the Manchurian and Mongolian aristocracy are also present, wearing long, straight damask robes, some of them flesh-colored, others running to various shades of yellow. On their heads are gilded wooden hats that look like barbers' basins turned upside down. In the background stand the musicians, with fifes made out of bleached bone and curious flutes into which they blow through metal tubes. Still other musicians carry bronze bells set in wooden frames, but the most extraordinary instruments of all are the copper drums. These are hung on ropes and each one is slung between two men, while a third man beats it, evoking a harsh tone. A frightful clamor arises. Some men are tooting on horns made out of conch shells and others are belaboring with hook-shaped cudgels drums suspended from red bars hung with banners. Cymbals resound and flutes whistle, rising to a shrill, disorderly fortissimo.

Two groups disguised as fiendish animals emerge from the quadrangle and begin executing a regular quadrille. It is a masked ball at high noon depicting a struggle between the spirits of light and darkness.

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The performers are equipped with masks representing the heads of serpents, deer, wolves with blood-red mouths, huge horned oxen, and green dragons. Finally everything dissolves into a turmoil of flapping white vestments and wide girdles of green, yellow, and red, and then suddenly the performance stops, except for the dance of a single white puppet that keeps thrashing about with its arms and legs and whirling round and round. A swarm of masked figures then grasps this puppet by the waist, while in the background figures clad in red wave black banners and triangular light blue pennants. A procession then forms and begins to make its way round the walls of the temple. The monks go first, followed by the musicians and then by the abbot bearing a portable altar. Next comes the All Holiest on a yellow litter. He is a mere boy, a young novice dressed in yellow, holding in his arms a figure of Buddha nearly as big as himself. Some peculiar force must emanate from this graven image, for the women begin swarming about the litter, struggling to help carry it, or at least to grip one of its pendant tassels. With painted faces and tattered clothes these poor creatures stumble through the dust, their hands outstretched while the crowd makes way for the procession and follows it as it circulates along the walls.

AT EACH of the four corners the procession halts and every time it does so the noise breaks forth again. Trumpets blow and the litter is set down on the ground, while the abbot, a native of Tibet and a jovial soul, ascends his high chair before the altar surrounded by wailing monks. The incense in the copper containers is lighted and peacock feathers disperse the smoke, while grains of millet seed are flung over the heads of all the supplicants. Slowly the procession approaches the entrance gate that leads to the open fields beyond, scrambles over the threshold, and disperses at last in the temple courtyard. Throngs of curious Chinese perch like bluebirds in the branches of the trees, and the clamor of gongs rings out from one of the almost completely collapsed pavilions in the temple yard. Tables are then brought out into the yard and the monks kneel down at them, singing an endless litany in deep bass voices as they regale themselves with a kind of soup made out of tea, sheep's fat, millet meal, and salt served in wooden plates.

Even the skeptical audience joins into the spirit of the occasion. Sellers of candied fruit and filthy pears impaled on sticks of wood have set themselves up at the entrance of the temple and on all sides other merchants are selling a great variety of tin playthings. In the meadow beyond the temple cooking tents have been pitched and a regular popular festival is under way. At this moment a storm descends upon the scene. The innumerable blue costumes flutter in the wind. Dust conceals the low walls of the temple garden, filling the ancient vault of the temple with a yellow cloud that stings the eyes like smoke.

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IN MEMORY OF LENIN

Oil on Troubled Waters

By M. Schillskaya

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German Liberal Daily

ONCE UPON A TIME the steppes of Ferghana were fruitful. Rich meadows extended on every side of Syr Darya. Wheat and barley, oats and rice flourished in profusion. . . .

Even now the sky is clear above Ferghana and the gardens thereabout are full of cool shade. The gardens and steppes look like crystal-blue waterfalls in the comfortless solitude of vast sandy stretches and poisonous marshes. This place was once the scene of far-ranging movements of peoples: great cities rose up here and merchants, cobblers, and kings dwelt in large houses. The young people loved in a turbulent fashion, the khans fought each other valiantly, and the old folk died in tranquillity. Now the sand whirls and ripples, obliterating the traces of those ancient peoples and the last melancholy remains of their hearths. Winds sweep in from the Caspian Sea. The swamp sucks unwary hares into its depths and the gnats that hover over it in swarms are more powerful than birds of prey. Once every fortnight a train comes over the railroad through the station of Kujan-Bulak.

The engine whistles in the distance, uttering hoarse screams at the sharp curves and at other times occasional cheerful trills. The station master puts on his new cap and goes out to set the signal for the train to enter the station. When the voice of the engine sounds particularly shrill it means that the train will rush through leaving only a little soot on the station platform. But when the engine cries out hoarsely, at full blast, it

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is to announce that the train will stop in Kujan-Bulak, bearing its cargo of water, hope, and news. The entire population of Kujan-Bulak assembles on the platform—the cobbler, Vasili Solnze; the station master's wife dressed in an antediluvian blouse; citizen Semyon Nikitisch Trobka; and the Red guards, blond fellows from the north. The tail end of the raucous train consists of two tank cars whose buffers keep crashing together. At some time or other these tanks were carefully painted red, and they bear the inscription, 'For petroleum,' though underneath these words someone has written 'For drinking water' in chalk. These tanks contain two weeks' water supply for Kujan-Bulak, and though the water always reeks of petroleum the villagers have grown so used to the taste that they never notice it any more. Indeed, water without this odor and flavor would seem to the inhabitants of Kujan-Bulak extraordinary and impure, for they are under the illusion that all water everywhere tastes of petroleum and iron rust. The stokers and other laborers on this slow train loiter about, adjusting the chains, swearing, smoking, and crawling under the cars. The villagers of Kujan-Bulak stare at them with joyous, unfailing curiosity until finally the train proceeds on its way.

THE other train with the fresh, young voice whizzes by. Strange, remote worlds lie hidden behind its windows in foglike obscurity. One can snatch only brief glimpses of vague faces, trunks, and tea pots, though sometimes a fragment of song can be heard before the wind whisks it away. For a long, long time the cobbler, Vasili Solnze, gazes after the disappearing train, his eyes fixed upon the rails, while the station master and his wife in her antediluvian smock and Semyon Trobka and the detachment of Red guards return to their homes.

Once again the station is silent, few people are about, overhead the sky is clear, and the gnats gather in great swarms. Finally the cobbler, too, returns to his hovel. Withered geranium stalks stand in the window, and the room is littered with sour gherkins, sheets of mandolin music, and a great quantity of empty ammonia bottles. Semyon Trobka, after leaving the platform, looks in at the window of Agripina Lvovna, the wife of the station master, who is gazing out at the rails, wrapped in a bathrobe decorated with painted designs of birds, clouds, horseback riders, and flowers. She is bitterly cold and the fever shakes her as violently as if she were sitting in a rickety peasant wagon. The blond, clear-skinned Red guards are lying on their beds, their teeth chattering audibly. They came here a year ago to protect the station from invasions and they are big, strong fellows from Russia, but all of them suffer from the same disease—homesickness. When an attack of it seizes them they writhe about and dream of the great plains of tender green near Sudalj or Kaluga, and they are also afflicted with malaria.

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The moment evening descends all the inhabitants start shuddering with cold. From the local representative of the railroad down to the half-savage Sarts in their miserable hovels, everyone here suffers from malaria. It is a gruesome hour when the sun disappears behind the drifts of sand. White mounds of camel bones gleam beyond the railway station, and in back of this old camel cemetery a thick cloud of gnats hums and drones. The bite of the malaria mosquito is sharp and its hum is penetrating. The sound of the gnats fills the railway station and swarms of them force their way through the closed shutters of the houses, creeping into the clothes of the unfortunate inmates, who are poor, destitute Sarts, descendants of the Khokandian Khan and colonists of Peter the Great. Shaken by fever, they dream of the marvelous distant gardens of Namangan, full of coolness and shade, where a soft, golden sun shines through wild apple trees and maples. Meanwhile the Red guards on their cots murmur with hot lips, 'At home in Kaluga the leaves have unfolded and the cows are calving.'

To check the malaria it would be necessary to spray the swamp with petroleum, but there is no petroleum in Kujan-Bulak and it is a long way to the city and a difficult journey to get there.

THIS is the way that many small railway towns in Soviet Russia have lived for years and still live to-day. The station master seldom holds more than five minutes of conversation with any human being except his wife and the few people who live near him, for the few trains that pass through never stop for long. Nevertheless, during the past year this shriveled, solitary little station witnessed a most significant event.

At the end of December the Red guard, Stepan Gamaleyev, aided and abetted by the station master, the sole representative of the administration, and by Vasili Solnze, the sole representative of the proletariat, called a meeting of all the inhabitants of Kujan-Bulak. Vasili Solnze walked along the only street of the village and requested everyone to appear at sunrise on the following morning at the station. Next morning all Kujan-Bulak turned up at the appointed spot. The speaker, Stepan Gamaleyev, appealed to the little group of unassuming peasants in the name of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, announcing that the day set aside to commemorate Lenin was at hand. He told his listeners that on that day many speeches would be made, in Moscow and in all parts of the Soviet Republic, describing Lenin's life and achievements, and he also told them that the tiny, forgotten village of Kujan-Bulak ought to procure a plaster bust of Lenin. The destitute descendants of the Khokandian Khan no longer dreamed of the marvelous gardens of Namangan but listened in attentive silence to this strange orator, and when Stepan Gamaleyev changed his style to that of everyday prose and made it clear to them that money would be necessary to buy the

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bust of Lenin, they nodded their heads and their tall caps knowingly. A week passed, a week that cost them many sleepless nights of labor, and when it was over they took the carpets that they had woven to the city, where they sold them after much haggling and bargaining. Returning home, they gave a quarter of their earnings to the Russian Red guard to be spent for Lenin.

In the village of Kujan-Bulak there is no twilight. Night turns to day as quickly as if an electric switch had been turned on and brilliant day is transformed just as precipitately into gloomiest night. Fever wracked the inhabitants of the little station more and more violently. Malaria brooded over the place like a smouldering, malignant fire, and it was scarcely possible to breathe freely. At length January came, the time when Stepan and Vasili were to depart again for the city to make the purchase that had been agreed upon. A second gathering of the inhabitants of Kujan-Bulak was therefore held at the station.

This time no one had any hesitation about coming and Stepan Gamaleyev announced good tidings which deeply impressed the hearts of the Sarts. He said that Kujan-Bulak was raging with fever but that it could be driven out by pouring a thin layer of petroleum over the marsh behind the ancient heaps of camel bones. Thus would the swarms of gnats be destroyed. It would be better to buy petroleum with the combined funds of the village rather than a plaster bust of Lenin, for then the Sarts and the Russians would no longer be shaken by fever every night. And it would also be a far more suitable memorial to Lenin because he had always concerned himself with the welfare of the Sarts and other tribes. The Sarts, who approved of this idea at once, vigorously nodded their heads and their high, pointed caps.

TWO weeks later, on the 21st of January, the train approached Kujan-Bulak as usual. As was its custom, it screamed with a hoarse sound as it rounded the sharp curves. The station master put on his new cap and went out to set the signal, and as usual all Kujan-Bulak left its looms and gathered near the station platform. But on this occasion the train brought three tank cars, the third one being filled with petroleum. Shouts of joy greeted the train and the habitual drowsiness of the place seemed to have been dispelled. Laborers who had been working on this line for a generation were filled with wonder. Was it possible that Kujan-Bulak was in an uproar? And when the train left the station after its stop of five minutes, leaving behind only a little smoke and the smell of long miles of rail, the inhabitants of Kujan-Bulak set to work under the guidance of Stepan Gamaleyev.

Carrying in their hands pails filled to the brim, the destitute descendants of the Khokandian Khan trudged to the swamp, all bent on a single task. Meanwhile, on the same day, meetings and gatherings were being

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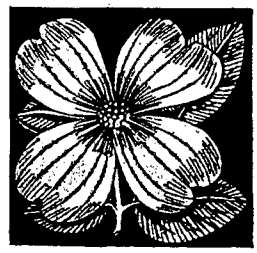
held throughout the length and breadth of the land. In towns and cities enthusiastic orators were delivering speeches, and good works were being dedicated to the memory of Lenin. The requiem tolled over hamlets, market towns, and great cities, while on the surface of the marsh behind Kujan-Bulak black streams of petroleum were flowing.

If you should ever chance to use the Central Asiatic railway and pass through the little station of Kujan-Bulak, you must remember that this name means Rabbit-Spring. The train never stops for more than five minutes, but if you look about you carefully you will see a red banner on the station house with the following inscription: 'The statue of Lenin was supposed to stand on this spot, but instead of buying a statue we purchased petroleum and poured it over the marsh. Thus Kujan-Bulak has suppressed the plague of malaria in commemoration of Lenin and in his name.'

You will scarcely have time to read this inscription to the end before the train cries out restlessly in a hoarse voice and rushes on through the yellow drifts of sand. You will go speeding by a few houses whose windows are full of dried-up geranium stalks. And terrified gray hares will leap away over the vast sand dunes.



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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE POET'S WINTER

By HUMBERT WOLFE

You shining company! there waits without
the quiet rooms of heaven in the snow
one who distraught by equal love and doubt
now seeks to enter, and now turns to go.

He has heard you speaking gently from afar,
and was drawn hither sweetly against his will,
but scarce can see the window for the star,
set like a lamp upon the window sill.

Nor is it actual snow, though banked and driven
against your door, that holds him from the latch,
but deeper drifts to music heaped in heaven
than foot can measure or than time dare snatch.

Yet though benighted, wandered, and in storm,
no need to bid him for an alms to enter,
who walks in the mere shadow of song as warm
as a lamb folded in a poet's winter.

LOGOS

By G. W. RUSSELL (Æ)

Wake, drowsy spirit in the ear,
The voices in that quivering shell
Echo the Zodiac. You may hear
The planets ringing like a bell.

Your sister spirit in the eyes
Pierced them with its own light to see
The high-hung lanterns in the skies,
Wakening its own infinity.

Within that murmuring cave, the ear,
Far borne a myriad voices throng.
Be still and listen. You shall hear
The universe revealed as song.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Smuts in America

ACCORDING TO THE London *Spectator*, which devotes more space than any of the other British weeklies to American affairs, the visit of General Smuts to the United States may be fraught with important consequences. A series of editorial paragraphs at the beginning of a recent issue suggests that America and the League may not actually be so far apart as they sometimes appear:—

Not much attention has been given to the visit of General Smuts to the United States, but it would not be surprising if this visit turned out to be extraordinarily fruitful, and as useful in its way as that of the Prime Minister. There is at present a wide misunderstanding in the United States about the endeavors of the rest of the world to build up an apparatus of peace. Those who are responsible for these endeavors owe no apology to Americans. They took over the idea of the Covenant, an American inspiration, and made it what it now is. It is an amazingly comprehensive instrument, which provides for every emergency, and, above all, secures that there can be no repetition of the ghastly and cruel mistakes of the Holy Alliance. The fault of the Holy Alliance, framed though it was with the most devout intentions, was that it tried to keep the peace by allowing nobody with a grievance to raise his head. It developed, therefore, into a most sinister engine for preserving the status quo no matter what oppression it involved. It was then that Canning called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Because the dreadful experience was remembered the Covenant was made to include manifold expedients for reviewing and correcting injustice.

Americans, unhappily, are much too apt to think of the League as representing an obsolete European tendency to force the will of a majority upon those who dissent. If they had studied the laborious architectural work which has been done upon their own idea, they would know that no other schemes but those in existence would have sufficed to make the Public Law prevail over disturbers of the peace. Yet what an irony we now see! The American newspapers, with few exceptions, believe that the automatic cancellation of belligerent rights at sea as between members of the League is somehow a wanton challenge to the traditional American championship of the Freedom of the Seas. The American Secretary of State has handsomely explained to them their mistake, but there is still a pressing need for instruction upon the elementary historical facts of the League. It is only too true that the doctrine of freedom of trade with all in times of war remains for Americans like a fly in amber—a thing vividly seen within a larger substance upon which time has wrought wonderful changes.

It is precisely in the work of spreading information and enlisting sympathy and understanding for the labors of Europe that General Smuts may perform the function of a great missionary. No thinking European wants a conflict at any point with America. Only her intelligent help is sought. But let us add that, though we do not for a moment expect America to join the League, we feel that the present mis-

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apprehensions are not so dangerous as they seem to be on the surface. Those who know anything of America are confident that even if that nation of idealists was officially assured in an emergency that it was legally quite free to trade as much as it pleased with an 'aggressor' it would stoutly refuse to 'aid and comfort' him.

Hoover in a Hole

THE WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* feels that Mr. Hoover is facing a critical moment in his political career. Not only does the President find himself 'in an unenviable and faintly ridiculous position' in relation to Congress, but he has also suffered, though in a different way from most of us, as a result of the Wall Street smash. The illusion of prosperity is shattered, temporarily at least, but Hoover is no more responsible for the fall in stock values than he was for their rise. According to this Swiss observer, standardization is to blame:—

> Standardization has reached the saturation point. Up to now the constantly decreasing number of models made in any given industry allowed wages to be raised and prices lowered. But there is a point beyond which the number of models cannot be reduced any further. If this limit has now been reached, obviously the rise in prices—and hence the increased buying power of the public—must be stabilized at once and, at the same time, more rapidly than industrial production is slowed down. It is this stabilization that explains the decline of sales, the business slump, and the stock-exchange collapse. It might also be pointed out in this connection that the automobile business had already begun to suffer in the spring of 1929.

As regards the political future of Hoover, this same correspondent has the following observations to make:—

> Meanwhile his political horizon remains clouded. It cannot be said that the American middle class has turned against him. It has always had confidence in him, but it expects him to do something big. He must bring back prosperity. If prosperity does return, it is completely certain that Mr. Hoover, magician though he may be, will not have been responsible. Yet when it does appear, he will be given the credit for it—provided the wait is not too long—and he will be praised to the skies. For the moment, however, uncertainty prevails and the crisis is gathering force. How long will it continue? Who knows? If it goes on too long, woe to the President. He will never be forgiven, for the people put too much faith in him.
>
> All of which explains why Mr. Hoover prepared so carefully for the Naval Conference in London. His proposal made on November 11th to prohibit a blockade of food stuffs in time of war aroused the greatest enthusiasm over here. Overnight, American public opinion decided to support him. But the President needs to have his political mistakes and his economic misfortunes forgotten. He needs success at London, a rapid success, a great success.

The Declining Klan

MR. LOUIS GOLDING, British novelist, essayist, and traveler, has just returned from a trip through the southern United States, where he was much disappointed to find that the Ku Klux Klan is not what it used to be. He had embarked on his journey full of hope, for although the Klintolerants, as he calls them, of Austria, Italy, and Germany had seemed to him far too shabby, he had felt that exuberant America could not fail him:—

> The Klan will not let me down. Lo, where the multitude of them is upon the horizon, like a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. They approach; with the clanking and the grinding of many Ford cars they approach. At the head of them a Ford flies all billowy with feathers. At the tail of them a Ford lumbers, all Stygian with tar. This poor little milkman in the second Ford, whom his wife belabors so sternly with tongue and rolling pin, he feels himself no end of a dog in his hood

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and robe. He is Roland. He is Oliver. He'll tell a tale to that black nigger. He'll horsewhip that blaspheming Jew. He puffs out his pigeon-chest valiantly in the amplitude of his gown. And a voice whispers in his ear 'Have you paid your goddam subscription yet? Pay up, or clear out!' (For, after all, Dragons and Wizards can't live by bread alone. And the price of tar has gone up lately. And feathers have become positively prohibitive. And Ford cars will do for the rank and file when engaged on punitive excursions. But how shall the prestige of the Klan be preserved if a Kleagle or a Dragon does not do his round of country clubs in an Isotta Fraschini?)

But what he found was something very different:—

Woe is me. Alabama betrayed me, Louisiana betrayed me. And Texas not less. And Oklahoma not less. And there was a rumor in the journals those days that the Klan had decided in conclave to divest themselves of their robes. For it seemed that the astute business men who had so lustily dragoned it had been just a little too astute, and their simple followers, the toothpaste salesmen, the broomstick-bristle manufacturers, had not remained quite so simple as had been hoped. And though the Klan had been very nasty and very silly in the days of its prime, and Catholics and Jews and negroes still talked of it with nausea and a little fear, the twilight of the klods had already set in. Ichabod! The glory was departed!

America in 1929

THE NEW YORK correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has written a brief summary of the year 1929 in the United States and argues that the two outstanding events of that period were the stock-market collapse and Mr. MacDonald's visit. Although he confesses that the fifty-billion-dollar deflation aroused rather more widespread excitement than the British Prime Minister did, he asserts that 'much of this loss represents paper profits' and he points out that nearly all the bears, as well as a considerable number of cautious bulls who sold out in time, 'now enjoy wealth such as they never dreamed possible.' In regard to Mr. MacDonald he has this to say:—

Second only to the stock market in importance was the visit of Mr. MacDonald. This was an unquestioned success from the American point of view. The Prime Minister could not have made a better personal impression, and his appeals for an atmosphere of friendliness and harmony between the two nations met with instant and very nearly unanimous approbation. While the experts are not counting very heavily on the results of the forthcoming London Naval Conference, the mass of the people attach great importance to the prospect of reduced armament, which they feel was furthered by Mr. MacDonald's visit. One of Mr. Hoover's chief problems is the danger of an adverse reaction should the conference fail or achieve only limited results.

As for the man—and woman—in the street, their chief concerns are three in number:—

When we turn to the life of the common people, the year 1929 has seen few new problems and little advance in regard to old ones. The three chief topics of conversation seem to be Prohibition, traffic congestion, and the new styles in women's clothes, with long skirts and corsets. Despite Mr. Hoover's earnest promises, Prohibition is no better enforced than before; anyone who wants to drink, anywhere, can obtain liquor, though usually at a high price and of dubious quality. As the laws are made more drastic, they are enforced with increasing feebleness. Traffic congestion is becoming a nightmare to municipal officials; there are 25,000,000 automobiles on roads which were never planned for anything like that number of vehicles, nor for speeds more than a half or a third as great as those which are habitual to-day. America will have to be rebuilt to accommodate the motor car, in the next fifty years, at a stagger-

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ing expense even for a country with a national income of about $100,000,000,000. As for the third of these topics of conversation, nineteen women out of every twenty, apparently, hate the new styles and protest violently against them, and nineteen out of twenty are wearing them.

Pan-America and Pan-Europe

William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, has warned Europe not to be misled by the pan-American movement into concluding that the pan-European movement would be a sound idea, too. He points out that since the Pan-American Union was founded it has changed from a group of New World powers, joined together to resist European encroachment, into a block of nations completely dominated by the United States. The South American countries, according to M. Martin, owe whatever prestige they enjoy to the fact that they are members of the League of Nations.

Pan-Americanism retains its value as a method of technical and political coöperation but as a political group it has lost its significance because of changing circumstances and the existence of the League of Nations. Yet curiously enough this is just the moment that the peoples of Europe have chosen to be inspired by the example of pan-Americanism. Having understood nothing of what has really happened they still believe in the pre-War pan-American policy and they ask themselves if it would not be rather humorous to use against the United States a receipt that it originated.

Poor creatures! They do not realize how macabre this humor would be. The Pan-European Union would be dominated by the United States just as surely as the Pan-American Union has been, for any group so limited as Europe would be drawn automatically toward America by the force of mass attraction. Europe is already too thoroughly penetrated in an economic way by the United States to dare to raise itself in opposition. Moreover, what could Europe desire? All that it could do would be to allow more commodities to penetrate it, a fact that the Americans realize and enjoy. If a Pan-European Union were founded it would not only increase American expansion in Europe but it would destroy the League of Nations as a factor in world politics and in consequence would lay Latin America open to the ambitious projects of the United States.

Since Europe is inclined to take lessons from outside let her at least understand lessons that she has already received. The lesson of pan-Americanism is not that continental unions should be entered into because they make one strong; it is, on the contrary, that continental unions are fatally dominated by the strongest member and that only universal union can protect all who belong to it. At the moment when the people of Latin America are turning morally away from pan-Americanism and taking refuge under the protective wing of the League of Nations it is amusing to see Europe turning away from the League of Nations, although her condition is even more serious, and attempting to evolve a pale imitation of pan-Americanism.

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WAR AND PEACE

It is surely time for more Americans to realize that they, and not Europeans, are the greatest obstacle to the reduction of armaments. —*'Saturday Review,' London Conservative Weekly.*

It will be discovered some day—unless we have to lose all faith, not only in the force of human intelligence and progress, but in the practical safeguard of common material interests—that the best and easiest solution for America, for Great Britain, for the world, simply lies in the Freedom of the Seas guaranteed by an Anglo-American joint Command of the Seas in the Atlantic, which would necessarily be followed by analogous agreements in all the other seas.—*Count Carlos Sforza, former Italian Foreign Minister.*

Children can be taught that the conquest of knowledge, the establishment of world peace, and the attainment of human health and happiness are finer ends than pulling down and tearing up one flag for the purpose of hoisting another.—*H. G. Wells.*

Mankind is now approaching an era in which peace treaties will not only be recorded on paper, but will also become inscribed in the hearts of men.—*Albert Einstein, German scientist.*

If after the signing of the Pact of Paris the great naval powers, with every motive for reducing their expenditure on armaments and knowing what the effect of such expenditure in the past has been, yet find themselves unable to do so, it will obviously mean only one thing: they may as well proclaim the pact to be the scrap of paper which the cynics always say it is.

That will mean a resounding triumph of skepticism just when in every direction what this age needs is a return to faith. After such a confession of mutual suspicion and the insecurity which suspicion breeds, every subsequent effort at disarmament will be handicapped, and secretly, if not avowedly, we shall drift back to the only alternative policy—one which the late War so exploded—that of keeping peace by preparing for war.

And then, when the war we shall have asked for comes, it will mean the end of what men call European civilization, not so much because of its intrinsic horribleness as because the nations will go into it disillusioned, despairing and secretly ashamed.—*Dr. E. A. Burroughs, Bishop of Ripon, speaking in Westminster Abbey.*

If we want peace, we must organize it, and already the peoples of the earth are less impulsive about wanting to fight each other. Voices are saying to them, 'Do not fight any more,' and often the people are stopped. A moral or a mystic force, perhaps? So be it. Granted that it is a mere gesture to insult war, the gesture itself is something.—*Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister.*

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Books Abroad

SLAVERY. *By Kathleen Simon. With a Preface by the Right Honorable Sir John Simon. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1929. 12s. 6d.*

(H. M. Tomlinson in *The Observer*, London)

IT WILL surprise many people that it was necessary to write this book; it surprises some of us who knew the need to learn how grave that need was. There are still six million slaves in the world, slaves in the exact meaning of the term. They are property; all that number of men, women, and children may be used and transferred as though they were dogs and oxen, yet usually are treated in a way no sensible owner ever treats his cattle!

After one has read Lady Simon's quiet but devastating account of slavery in this year of grace, somehow it is not the suffering of the unfortunates which moves one most; it is the look of the minds of the apologists for slavery or compulsory labor, who know they must find reasons for an 'economic' outrage, and manage to do it. We sadly note that the human mind can palliate any abomination with reason; it can specify under various heads the justification for an iniquity. Consider, as an example of Christian ratiocination, Lady Simon's chapter on Forced Labor, in which she surveys the efforts of the whites of Kenya to compel the black natives to labor on the land from which they had been expropriated. The natives had been partly deprived of the means to independence on their own soil. As to our right to dispossess them, it lay in our power to do it: might was right. No doubt about that. There the whites are. But somebody must still work in the land? Therefore a circular is drawn up, which is signed by the British Governor of Kenya and two bishops, a missionary and others, and it wins the approval of our Colonial Office; and that circular, 'in the interests of the natives themselves,' calls upon the lawful authorities 'to exercise all lawful and proper influence to induce able-bodied natives' to work for other people; and it adds that 'women and children should be encouraged to go out for such labor as they can perform.' This was in 1719? It was in 1919.

Some critics are still convinced that the League of Nations is a nuisance and a hindrance because it is a novelty and because it would qualify national ambitions with international agreements. National idiosyncrasies which cause confusion and harm in other lands at last are being considered in international councils. That sort of thing looks inhuman to those who see man only as a fighting animal, and who are sure that human possibilities were finally limited by Victorian philosophy. Yet here we are. There is even a chance that man will do now what Erasmus once told him, in regard to war, was common sense and his only way out of ruinous trouble. And, as Lady Simon tells us, it is not enough to hate the abomination of slavery. Something must be done about it; and very little can be done unless the League of Nations does it; and the League could be more helpful.

There was a Slavery Convention, signed by twenty-five sovereign states, including the United States of America, which defined slavery, and agreed 'to prevent and suppress the slave trade,' and 'to bring about, progressively and as soon as possible, the complete abolition of slavery in all its forms.' Sir Austen Chamberlain urged the League of Nations to secure acceptance of the doctrine that carrying slaves on the high seas should be treated as a crime in the same category as piracy. But the League of Nations, under the influence of French, Portuguese, and Italian delegates, rejected that British proposal. Anyone who knows anything of the traffic in slaves between Abyssinia and Arabia, for example, knows what that means. When the League is in agreement a great step forward will be made.

EL CABALLERO DE LA VIRGEN (ALONSO DE OJEDA). *By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Valencia: Prometeo. $1.25.*

(E. Gómez de Baquero in *La Gaceta Literaria*,-Madrid)

El Caballero de la Virgen is the second posthumous novel left by Blasco Ibañez, and also the second of the series that the writer planned to devote to the Spanish conquest of America.

It is not strictly a biographical study, although the central figure is doubtless the bizarre Alonso de Ojeda, the 'little white

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chief' whose exploits captured the imagination of the Indians, and who made Caonabs, the fierce Indian leader, a prisoner. Its greatest interest lies in the description of life in Santo Domingo, which then served as a base for Spanish expeditions.

It was a difficult period. Columbus still clung to the illusion of Asia and the lands of the Great Khan, but Spain no longer shared his hopes. The navy had declined, gold was scarce, and Indian tribes were offering stubborn resistance to the invader. Spanish ships with new supplies were anxiously awaited, as the colonizers had not accustomed themselves to Indian food. The richest empires were not yet discovered, but their future conquerors, such as Hernan Cortes and Francisco Pizarro, make their appearance in the narrative.

The cruelty of the colonial government, its tactlessness, and the excessive arrogance of the admiral's brothers proved other hardships for the young colony. When Bobadilla, sent from Spain as an investigator, arrived at Santo Domingo, the first thing he saw were two gibbets, with dead criminals. Spain was never gentle with her colonies, but the colonials themselves became odious through their sudden acquisition of power. Another tragic episode is the hanging of the beautiful Indian queen, Flor de Oro, who was suspected of inciting the Indians to rebel.

This latest novel of Blasco Ibañez is not inferior to its predecessor, and it gives further evidence of what the whole series would have contributed to a popular understanding of colonial history.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT. *An Autobiography. By Robert Graves. London: Jonathan Cape. 1929. 10s. 6d.*

(*Manchester Guardian*)

Autobiography used to be the task of old age, but in these days it is becoming the swan song of youth. There are perhaps two reasons for this. We have discovered how hard it is for old age to speak truthfully of its youth, and those whose youth was maimed or shattered in the War have not only matured before their time, but they cannot find even a comparative peace in their maturity until they have laid the ghost of their past. Autobiography, whether it be confided to the sympathetic ear of the psychoanalyst or published to the world, is a means to that end, because, as Mr. Graves argues, 'once all this has been settled in my mind and written down and published it need never be thought about again.' Mr. Graves, however, settles his account with his youth in a very different temper from Mr. Aldington, for example, in his *Death of a Hero*. He is surprisingly unembittered. There is hardly a note of malice or self-pity in the whole of his record, and, if this may suggest that he has felt less deeply than some of his contemporaries, it results in an account of life which is never distorted by prejudice. Its outstanding quality, indeed, is its refreshing candor and honesty, equally evident when he glances at himself, at his parents, his schoolmasters or school-fellows at Charterhouse, at his commanding officer in France, at Mr. Masefield on Boar's Hill, or King Fuad at a reception in Egypt. Such candor is so rare that doubtless some will be shocked by it. But they will have no right to be. For he is consistently impartial, and he indicts nobody. He simply states the facts. In writing, for example, of the regiment in which he served he records with equal justice the magnificent efficiency which resulted from the stern discipline imposed upon it, and the paltry militarism and snobbishness of its senior officers. His whole account, indeed, of his experience in France is soberly indiscreet. He neither suppresses nor exploits anything, whether it be atrocities, field punishment, suicides, drunkenness, or incapacity. And the result is that his picture, however embarrassing it may be to the official patriot, is true without even being defeatist.

His account of his life since the War has the same unforced quality. It is the story of a gradual recovery from a nightmare. For although he would seem to have possessed more immunity from shock than many, he came near to breaking point, and his recovery

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was slow. His book, however, has less value as a personal history than as a vivid and intelligent record of a generation whose normal development was curtailed and whose roots in life were almost cut. That he himself survived to tell the tale is possibly due to that 'intentional spontaneousness' which has made him a poet, which gives life to the whole of his record despite a certain want of organization, and which explains, perhaps, some of the extraordinary coincidences in his experience.

THE CAPTIVE. *By Marcel Proust. Translated by F. Scott Moncrieff. London: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. 15 shillings.*

(*Times Literary Supplement*, London)

In *The Captive*, Mr. Scott Moncrieff gives us a further installment of his translation of Marcel Proust's *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, namely, of the volume entitled *La Prisonnière*. Two main topics occupy this long volume—the life of Albertine cloistered with the narrator in his flat in Paris, and the evening party at the Verdurins' at which Morel and other instrumentalists play Vinteuil's Septet and M. de Charlus, after preening himself and acting as host all the evening, receives a mortal stab in the heart from Morel, who had been turned against him by Madame Verdurin, while Charlus was holding his long discourse on homosexuality with Brichot and the narrator.

It is difficult to keep an objective attitude to *The Captive*, which is throughout a masterpiece, for the normal person is bound to find much of its subject-matter repulsive. Albertine has been carried off from Balbec, not so much because the narrator loves her, as because he is jealous of her relations with other women. Charlus's relations with Morel, the violinist, give the occasion for his downfall. It is, in fact, impossible to get away from Proust's intense meditation upon the phenomena of homosexuality. Nevertheless, if personal repulsion can be put on one side, the beauties of this book are manifold.

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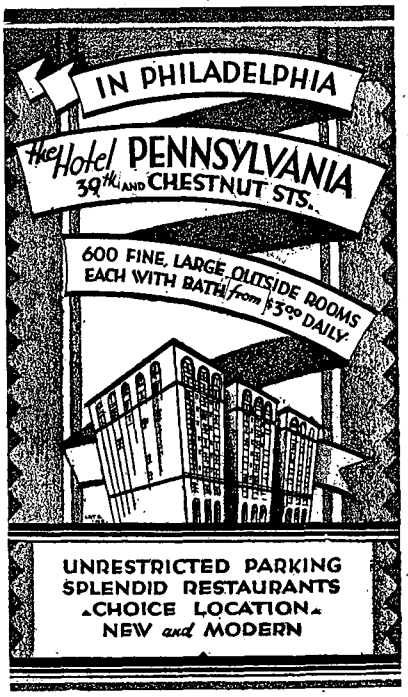

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TU FU. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE POET. *Arranged and translated by Florence Ayscough. London: Jonathan Cape; Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $5.00.*

(*The Spectator*, London)

Tu Fu, the Man who delights in Beauty, lived during the T'ang dynasty of China, in the eighth century A.D., and wrote his life in poetry. It was a full, exciting, and perambulatory life, acquainting the wanderer at the one extreme with the most wretched poverty and at the other with the precarious delight of being an Emperor's favorite at court, and it would thus have been interesting even if told in the plainest chronicle form. Tu Fu, however, was a poet—how great a poet we can only guess since, as the translator of his autobiography necessarily admits, 'the true rhymes and rhythms of Chinese poetry can not be brought over,' with the result that we are introduced to a narrative full of the most exquisite imagery, a tale told in pictures selected from the chaos of human experience by one who, though we do not know him as a musician, appears unquestionably as an artist of the first quality.

Tu Fu's subject was life, the broad sweep of it, and for any realization of what life in the cultured China of those days was like the poems must be read continuously, with Mrs. Ayscough's unobtrusive sketch of events as a background. But the poet's delicate perception of values in looking at nature, and his masterly way of subjecting memory to art, are apparent on almost every page. Yes, Tu Fu was a poet; not impossibly—one can believe after reading this book and considering how much it must have lost through translation—a poet of the very first world-rank, certainly speaking the universal language of art.

We congratulate Mrs. Ayscough on a fine achievement in 'bringing him over' as she phrases it, to English readers. A translator who was less of a poet might so easily have made a shocking mess of the job by trying to turn Chinese ideographs into English verse.

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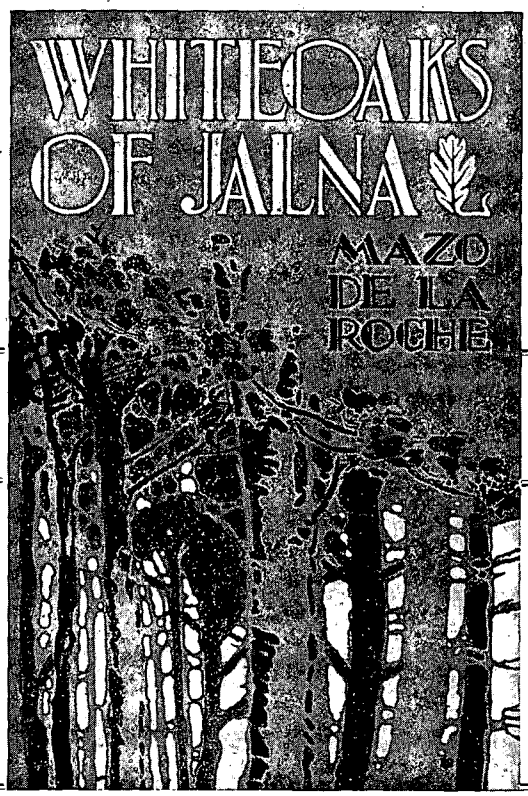

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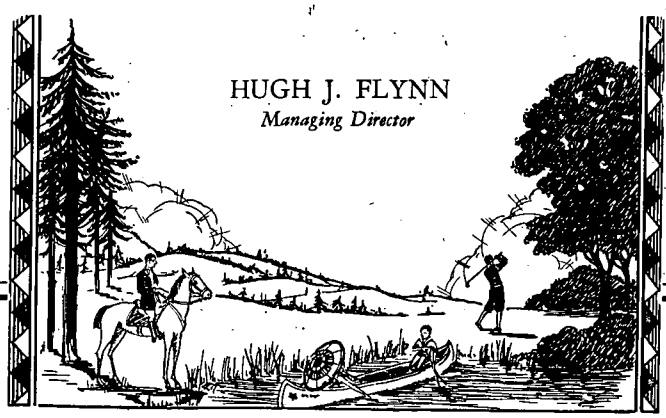

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